"THE BANDITS OF BULGARIA," A GREAT SERIAL, BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# ONE WOMAN'S SACRIFICE;

## *Or,*

## THE MYSTERY OF A STRANGE LOVE.

By GRACE D'CHANEY.

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CHAPTER I.

AWAITING SENTENCE FOR MURDER.

The pretty mining village of Silverlake, Arizona, a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, is situated near, an I derives its name from, a clear, deep, though small mountain lake whose waters reflect the snow-crowned peaks of surrounding mountain tops, and shimmer like molten silver when the sunlight falls upon their rippling surface, that changes, when the midnight stars look down into a purple mirror, framed on the north and east by irregular declivities that hide their rocky feet at the water's image, then rise, steep and high, in a protecting embrace for the friendly mountain lake close in their shadow, but open to the soft breath of the south wind and the warm kiss of the western sun; for the mountain lake is skirted on two sides by a flat, sandy beach, strewn with snowy pebbles, like a white fringe on the edge of the green valley that ends where the lake like its half sheltered mountain bowl.

It is a narrow valley still verdantly beautiful in those favored spots, where nature's unstarved soil has cast a tangle of trailing vines or feathery ferns, and here and there a fragrant mountain pink springs boldly at the side of fallen rocks, with hard, bare faces partly mantled by brown velvety moss or creeping, red-stemmed lichens.

But for the most part piles of red earth and broken rocks have been thrown out into the narrow valley for miles south of the little town. The piles of earth varying according to the distance the miners have penetrated into the mountain sides in search of the two precious metals.

The town lies partly in the valley facing the western shore, but as it grew, the narrow streets straggled up the sloping mountain side and are half hidden amid the stunted growth of shrubs and mountain pines.

The main street, facing the lake and running north and south, is but built of stone, its grated windows, like mocking eyes peer derisively at the broken rays of sunlight that filter through the steel bars and fall upon the pale faces of the few prisoners in the cells of Silverlake jail.

The prisoners are men, both young; they are known as Edward and Jailer Gordon. Edward, the elder by three years, is tall, dark, and handsome, with large, brown eyes, and a crop of short, brown curls. When he smiles, a short upper lip, adorned with a mustache, discloses white, regular teeth. He is smiling as he paces the limits of the cell, and after a time his smile breaks into a low, musical laugh, which rouses his companion who has been sitting on the side of the narrow iron bed, his fair head supported by one hand resting on his knees. He raised his delicately featured countenance, fair, with a beauty almost effeminate, and eyes of tender blue. His face was white and wan with the prison confinement, as a plant will grow to look when kept in a cellar. John was but a lad, scarcely eighteen, and very slender. His voice was awed, but full of reproachful wonder, as he looked up in surprise and said: "How can you laugh, Ed, when—when we are going to be hung?"

"I have good reason to laugh, John, and what will you bet against the prison clothes on my back that we will never be sentenced to be hung?"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense, Ed, I'm too near kingdom come to speculate on the impossible. We are in prison, good and fast; see those steel bars at the window, and on the outside there is a guard, to say nothing of Jailer Stoffel with his pistols in his belt, and—"

"Hold on, young one; I know all that, but I also know that a woman's wit may —fool them all. We will yet walk away from these prison walls, free men, not freed by the law, not by the verdict of men; but when we are free we will seek and find the real culprit, and the time will come when our good name will be restored, and we can face the world and—"

"Great heavens, Ed Gordon, what do you mean? Have you gone crazy?"

"Not I. I was never saner in all my life. Ah! Here she comes. I hear her footsteps in the corridor. She glides like a velvet-footed cat, she is at the door. Hush! Watch, but make no sign."

The slide in the cell door was pushed aside, and for a moment a face appeared at the opening. It was the face of the jailer; the slide closed, a key grated in the lock, the door opened a mere space, and a woman came into the cell; she was the jailer's wife. As the door closed at her heels she advanced to a small table and set upon it a wooden service board. On it was the prisoners' supper; over the whole was spread a white linen towel, which she removed, and as she did so, glanced quickly back at the slide in the door. It was closed, but well she knew that outside, and just before it, stood her husband, William Stoffel, the jailer.

Her returning glance caught the answering intelligence in the dark eyes of the handsome Edward.

The wonderful eyes of the woman spoke in flashes, like sparks from an electric wire. Edward felt their power and thrilled as if drawn toward her by an irresistible magnetic force, forgetting for one brief instant that he was the occupant of a prison cell. He made one step in her direction, but she pointed a warning finger at the slide in the door; her eyelids drooped, and when she lifted them again, her eyes seemed not the same, but were of a soft and liquid gray.

As for the flight of years, the jailer's wife might have seen forty; if so, they had touched her but lightly, for she was still graceful and handsome, with an abundance of dark brown hair that crippled from the center of its smooth parting and was gathered in a knot at the nape of the neck. Her neat plain gown was of common print, but it fitted her plump form as if moulded to the figure, and was fastened at the collar by an odd pin made of a turquoise in the master hand by a twist of gold.

A strange agitation seemed to be in her face, and her slender, well-shaped hands trembled for an instant, as she drew from her bodice a folded paper, thrusting it, quick as a flash, under the half loaf of bread she had placed upon the table. Then she threw over her arm the towel which had served as a napkin, glided toward the door, and tapped upon the panel, the signal for the opening of the door; another moment and she was gone, the key turned in the lock, the bolts shot into their places, and the prison door was fast.

With eager curiosity John stepped to the table, raised the half loaf and withdrew the paper. But Edward reached his side and took the paper from him, and with a warning gesture, thrust the note into the open bosom of his prison blouse and began to break and eat the bread, motioning John to eat also.

And while their eyes were bent upon their food they could feel that the slide of the door had been noiselessly opened and that the keen eyes of Jailer Stoffel were bent upon them.

The two prisoners ate their bread and meat and drank their black coffee from the same tin cup and when they had finished and knew that the watchful eyes of their jailer was withdrawn, Edward produced the folded paper from his blouse, drew near to the grated window, for the daylight came in but dimly at the close of that warm June day. John stood at his side, and both read the message, which seemed like a rising star of hope in the inky darkness of their despair. And these were the words they saw written in a woman's delicate chirography:

"Dear Boys: Keep up your courage, before it is too late you will be assisted to escape. The Judge will never get a chance to sentence you, for once under sentence to be hung a death watch would be set, and all chance for your escape forever cut off. I am satisfied that you had no hand in the death of old man Mills; the jury that convicted you were bribed and the circumstantial evidence manufactured by some bitter and relentless enemy. I am not let the Jailer—my husband—suspect that I visits your cell appear to be downcast, you have any hope; he thinks you guilty. When he visits your cell appear to be downhearted and hopeless. Meantime, you will hear from your friend again. Destroy this note at once. Have courage and trust all to a woman's wit. A woman who loves you, Edward Gordon, and would sacrifice her life, if need be, to set you free. Until we meet again, Adieu."

When the two men had read and comprehended all the long letter contained, they could scarcely realize their altered expectations. Nor comprehend the motive of the Jailer's wife, who, in order to assist them, must surely imperil her own good name and her own safety. Indeed, as she had said, her very life might pay the penalty of helping them to escape.

It was now the 24th of June. On the 28th they were to be taken before Judge Norris to receive sentence, the jury before whom they had been tried, having found them guilty of the murder of old man Mills, who had lived alone in a rambling old house. Almost a mansion, it had once been, when he had built it years ago, far up on the

She drew out a folded paper.

mountain slope, among the whistling pines. It had been one of the first habitations erected at Silverlake, and although the thriving mining village had slowly crept upward from the shore of the Silver lake, yet the old and gloomy mansion of Simon Mills still lay on the outskirts of the town. It was generally supposed that the old man who, at the time of his tragic death, had passed the 70th milestone, was in the habit of concealing about the premises quantities of gold and silver, as well as coin, reports even adding that he had a store of precious stones as well. But such was the mystery surrounding his life, his peculiar habits, and the gloomy aspect of his rambling old mansion, that few in all the village of Silverlake would have had the courage to lift the latch of the gate, traverse the grassy path that led to the big front door, knock for admittance, and face the master of the house, for it was said the house itself was haunted by the ghost of a beautiful woman, who, so the story ran, was turned adrift one bitter winter night, the victim of the old miser's wrath, who drove her forth into the very teeth of a terrific mountain blizzard, and as she fled out into the black night and drifting snow followed by his screaming curses, under the cloak wrapped about her trembling form, she carried the tiny body of a wailing babe. She was never seen again, dead or alive, and it was always supposed that she and her babe had perished in some lonely mountain gorge, swept down and buried deep in a drifting avalanche of snow.

At that distant time, twenty odd years back, the Mills mansion had boasted two colored servants then in middle life, and known as Uncle Abe and Aunt Lindy, his wife. Aunt Lindy had been dead ten years at the opening of this story, and it was from her lips, when she was dying in the delirium of fever, that the story fell of the beautiful girl who had been driven out to perish in the mountain blizzard. For to the last moment of her life the faithful old colored servant had mourned the loss of her young mistress.

It had long been the custom of old Simon Mills to send his colored man, Uncle Abe, on semi-yearly journeys down into old Mexico, where, so report was current, he held undeveloped but valuable silver mines.

And old Uncle Abe was absent when the robbery occurred. On his return he found his master, Simon Mills, dead. For he had lived all alone in the absence of his only companion, and when the horrified servant made known to the proper authorities the last dark tragedy of the Mills mansion, the coroner's jury had reached the conclusion that the old man had been dead for several days, and having also decided that the motive was robbery, the criminal or criminals, as the case might be, were sought for and found, so the circumstantial evidence proved to the minds of the twelve jurors, whose verdict of "guilty" fastened the crime upon Edward and John Gordon, two young strangers, who had appeared in Silverlake at about the time that the old man was supposed to have been murdered. They had remained but a few days in the mining town, but later the sheriff, in search of a victim to satisfy the law's demands, discovered the two young adventurers in a small mining camp, whence they had traveled on horseback. Unfortunately for them, Edward rode the very horse that was stolen from the stable of the old Mills mansion on the night of the tragedy. When the suspects were searched money was found upon them, too much by far, the sheriff said, for poorly dressed prospectors to come by honestly.

And although Edward and John took their solemn oath upon the holy bible that the horse Edward rode, as well as that owned by John, had been purchased of some emigrants, bound for the Mexican silver mines, their words were set at naught, and when the last witness for the prosecution appeared upon the witness stand, and swore that on the night of the supposed murder, or as near as the date could be fixed, he, the witness, Ramon Gomez, had met the prisoners just as the latter were riding out of the barnyard of the old Mills mansion. He had paused to rest his tired horse in the shadow of the trees, and the two horsemen—the prisoners at the bar—rode abreast of him in the bright moonlight; then, seeing him, put spurs to their horses and galloped southward. Yes; he would recognize them anywhere. The elder, known as Edward, rode the same horse that the sheriff had brought back to Silverlake with the prisoners. He could swear to the horse, on account of a peculiar mark—a white streak running down its left hind quarter.

If there had been doubt in the minds of the jury, as to the possible innocence of the two men who were being tried for their lives, the sworn testimony of Ramon Gomez turned the tide of opinion against the prisoners and when Judge Norris, a narrow, bigoted man, puffed up with the importance of his position, gave his instructions to the jury, they were little short of a command that the verdict must be against the prisoners, and it was.

And so the two men were led back to their prison cell, and when this story opens, toward the close of June, they are awaiting the sentence to be hung.

## CHAPTER II.

### A PEEP AT THE JAILER'S HOME.

The jail, being built of stone, formed a wing at the south and west sides of the court house building, the highest and most imposing structure in the town of Silverlake.

Adding to its apparent height, as well as symbolizing, in a poetic way, the intent and purpose of its mission, the modest dome facing east toward Hemlock street was topped by a giant figure of justice with the regulation blindfold bandage over her eyes and scales evenly balanced in her outstretched hand. Now this beautifully draped statue, elevated by the well meaning citizens of Silverlake, to the highest vantage where she might overlook the fair city over which she was supposed to preside and greet the first rays of the rising sun peeping above the eastern point of Mount Anatonka and flooding her white, still figure with a halo of morning glory, was after all only symbolic of justice. It was a work of crude art, with a poetic meaning—a credit to the artistic inclinations of her admirers, but who had nothing at all to do, or say with the real material decisions so seldom right, oftimes so pitifully wrong, and from which the victims have no appeal except to exert their wit and cunning in planning some method of escape.

When Edward and John Gordon were first placed behind the prison bars there were dark threats in the gruff mutterings of the coarser element, always in evidence in mining camps, not yet educated to regard the crime of horse stealing as adequately punished, except by the effective method of a strong rope, with an adjustable necktie and a man to fit it at one end, forming a swinging decoration to the stout limb of a mountain tree.

But the jail was well built, the sheriff and his assistants were determined, law-abiding protectors; the county and village authorites firm in crushing all outward indications of lynch law; and justice, from the viewpoint of a Silverlake jury, was soon to be meted out to the two strangers, young and friendless, accused of the robbery and murder of Simon Mills.

The winglike additions to the court house which formed the jail, also contained the living rooms of the sheriff. The cells were located in the southern wing, and the sheriff's wife and family occupied the rooms in the addition looking west. A small summer kitchen of rough boards had lately been built at the back of the domicile and early on the morning of the 25th of June the sheriff's wife was busy in her little summer kitchen preparing the breakfast for her family and also for the two prisoners. Assisting her was an older woman, with white hair and kindly face. She was the mother of William Stoffel, and was known as Grandmother Stoffel. In the yard beyond, surrounded by the high prison wall, two pretty children were romping in the sunshine chasing the butterflies that flitted about the garden, partly given over to vegetables and partly blooming with old-fashioned flowers. Willie, the boy, a sturdy, handsome lad of seven, was on the point of capturing a flaming yellow butterfly by covering it with his straw hat, when Dolly, his little sister, aged five, a golden-haired tiny fairy, much like a bit of human thistledown, she was so light and dainty, screamed out in fright at the sight of a great eagle circling far above.

"Willie! Grandma! Mamma!" she called in quick succession, and in a moment the two were at her side soothing her childish fears. The sheriff's wife did not quit her task, although through the open window she saw the frightened child and heard her cry of "Mamma." Mrs. Stoffel bent her head lower over her work as she whispered, "Dolly wont miss me long. Grandma will be good to the children. I must leave them. It is the only way. The life of Edward must be saved, it is more than anything on earth to me. All is explained about the escape in the note I shall give him when I carry in their breakfast. Oh!" The exclamation fell from her lips with a quick accent of pain, for the sharp knife with which she had been slicing the bread slipped and cut one finger slightly. It was bleeding, and as she bound it quickly with a bit of white rag, her husband entered the dining room adjoining, and she heard him seat himself at the breakfast table, while at the same moment the children and their grandmother came through the kitchen, and the family sat down to enjoy their morning meal. But eating was a mere pretense on the part of the sheriff's wife and soon she left the family group and at the sideboard she prepared the prisoner's breakfast. A red spot burned on either cheek, unusual to the customary pallor of her dark face. Her hands felt hot and feverish; in the bodice of her print house dress was concealed a long letter which she was impatient to deliver to Edward Gordon. She felt a strange, uneasy premonition of approaching danger. She could feel that her husband's watchful eye was bent upon her. Why? Did he suspect her intentions? Impossible! And adding some warm rolls, she covered the wooden tray with a white towel, lifted it in both hands, then put it down nervously, glacing at her husband, who had finished eating, and who now rose with the remark:

"Mother, when I unlock the big door into the main hall, you just hand in that tray with the prisoners' breakfast. Mrs. Stoffel ain't feelin' well this morning. Maybe she don't relish the prospect o' seeing some folks hung. She's got too much sympathy for handsome men. Thank the Lord it's only three days more, and I'll have a little relief when the sentence is passed and the death watch is set. I am responsible for the delivery of these criminals up to the judge on the 28th, and I made up my mind this morning that I'd not let another soul speak to them or see them until they are sentenced. So, mother, you hand in that tray and I'll serve the prisoners by handing the food through the slide in their door this morning."

Grandma Stoffel carried the tray after her son and stood at his side while he unlocked the massive door that separated the first corridor from the main hall of the prison. He took the tray and set it on the floor, relocked the door, and his mother went slowly back to the dining room.

## CHAPTER III.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Mrs. Stoffel was clearing the breakfast table, carrying the dishes out into the summer kitchen, where she quickly washed and dried them, while the elder woman performed the lighter task of setting the snug little dining room to rights. The children had gone back to play again in the garden, while the busy hands of the disappointed woman were engaged in the accustomed household work. Her fertile brain was actively seeking to discover some plan by which she could safely transfer the note in her bosom into the hands of the prisoners. One idea after another was hit upon, only to be abandoned. Would her husband hold to his word? Would he continue to serve the meals himself?

Did he suspect her? Would he watch her? Had she unconsciously by word or look or action betrayed her real interest in the convicted men? If so, then all hope would be lost. In her supposed loyalty alone rested her power to reach and assist the man she was willing to risk her good name, her honor, her very life to save from the hangman's halter. Her temples throbbed to bursting. The hot air of the little kitchen seemed to stifle her. She felt that if she could but wander alone by the lake and breathe the cool breeze that always played with its rippling surface and for a time think alone, far from prying or suspecting eyes, she might yet devise some way to deliver the note to the prisoners. So, asking her mother-in-law to watch the children, she attired herself in a neat black walking suit, pinned on a pretty hat with a floating white veil, and passed through the private gate, out upon Hemlock street, and, passing Pine and Silver street, she walked rapidly eastward until she reached the edge of the sandy beach, which she followed until gradually narrowing, it was lost in the abrupt risings where the rim of the lake began to rest against the mountain side. Seating herself on a fallen log, under the shade of an overhanging rock, she drew forth the letter she had written, and which she was about to unfold when a pebble, falling from above, close at her side, caused her to look up, and none too quickly did she conceal the telltale letter from the eyes of a man rapidly advancing along the steep, narrow mountain path.

He was a handsome man, if a fine physical development and regularity of feature can be deemed sufficient grounds for the compliment, though his type was coarse and he showed his Spanish and Mexican blood in his tawny skin and flashing black eyes. A jetty mustache and French imperial added to a distinguished style, quite in keeping with his immaculate linen, patent leather boots, and faultless Parisian attire.

"Ah! Have I the pleasure to meet you, Mrs .Stoffel, in this charming spot?"

"Good morning, Mr. Gomez."

"Delighted, my dear lady," and advancing, he held out his hand, which she pretended not to see, but rose quickly and replied, "I came out to look for a mountain shrub."

"Ah, indeed, how fortunate; can I assist you?"

"No, thanks. I have been seeking it a half hour or more and I must give up the search. Grandma Stoffel desired some of the leaves to brew for a slight ailment."

"Tell me the name of the shrub, my dear Mrs. Stoffel, as I have a little knowledge of botany. I may be able to find it and in that case would be delighted to deliver it at your residence."

"Thank you, Mr. Gomez; unfortunately, I have forgotten the name and only know the shrub by sight. Good day," and the sheriff's wife was hurrying toward the town.

"Hold, Mrs. Stoffel, wait; shall I not accompany you?" and in a moment the styfishly attired gentleman was at her side. "I desire to ask about your guests. Ha, ha! Pardon my hilarity, but I have so little sympathy for horse thieves and murderers. Have they not yet hung themselves with ropes made from their towels or bed linen?"

"Not yet," she repied, calmly, never lifting an eyelash, though it was in her mind to strike him in the face with her gloved hand. But she remembered that from the lips of Ramon Gomez, this same outwardly polished villain, had fallen the last bit of condemning evidence that at the trial had served to complete the chain of circumstantial evidence against Edward and John Gordon. Then remembering all there was yet at stake and the importance of a calm but indifferent demeanor regarding the fate of the prisoners, she forced a smile to her lips and pausing a moment regarded him archly, saying:

"The law owes you a great debt in finally convicting those men, but, tell me, Mr. Gomez, why I see you so elegantly attired at so early an hour? Can it be that you are on your way to meet Miss Montgomery? I hear she is soon to return from Chicago."

"How shrewd of you Mrs. Stoffel. I fully expected Edith—Miss Montgomery—on the early morning train, but a telegram came explaining that her arrival would be delayed until the 29th."

"She has been away from Silverlake for several years, I believe. I have but little acquaintance with her, having met her only upon her vacation visit here last summer."

"But she will live here in the future, Mrs. Stoffel. I hope as my charming wife."

"Then you are engaged to her?"

"Almost from childhood."

"I congratulate you, and as you have continued your walk until I see we are near the court house, will you drop in?"

"I should be delighted. To tell the truth, I would really like to beg of your husband, the sheriff, to allow me a glimpse of those cutthroat horse thieves."

"Mr. Stoffel declared this very morning his intention to allow no one to see them for the present."

"In that case, my dear madam, as we are near your home, I will bid you au revoir."

"Good-by, Mr. Gomez," she replied, and politely lifting his silk hat, her escort left her at the main door of the court house, which she entered and, passing through the wide entrance hall, soon rang the bell at the jail office and was admitted by her husband, who, as is often the case in small towns, being sheriff, acted as head jailer also.

She forced a pleasant smile to her face, which was slightly flushed, and told him of meeting Ramon Gomez. Mr. Stoffel appeared to be pleased with the dandy's polite attention to his wife, whom he kissed lightly upon the cheek, as she pasesd from the office into the residence part.

Ramon Gomez was the only son of the wealthiest ranchman, whose immense tract of land was bounded on the east by the western slope of Silverlake valley. The elder Gomez was a Spaniard who had married a beautiful devil of a Mexican woman, who, it was said, led him during her brief career, into many hot intrigues and wretched jealousies, leaving him, upon her death, a son who resembled her in person and doubtless in morals. But Don Gomez, his father, idolized his handsome heir. While he had spent his youth, and later his vacations on the Arizona ranch, he had been abroad and bore the outward evidence of polisn incident to travel.

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In his travels abroad although he had been the central figure in several disgraceful intrigues with attractive women, and been obliged to apologize to an outraged husband, who, being a Frenchman, had offered to run the handsome Ramon through with his ready sword. Still he had returned to America unmarried to seek the hand of his early playmate, Edith Montgomery, whose father's ranch adjoined that of Don Gomez. For when the boy Ramon and the girl Edith were yet mere children the two fathers had planned to unite their vast ranches by the marriage of their only children.

Edith, who had just completed her education by graduating from the Chicago university early in June, of the month in which this story opens, was soon to return. Ramon, who had called upon her in Chicago for the purpose of renewing his suit, had had his vanity ruffled by a decided repulse. The fair Edith would have none of his attention as a lover. His suspicions were aroused that she had given her heart to another, and pretending he had left for the east, he hung about Chicago, and dogged her footsteps, until he at last discovered the identity of the man Edith loved.

In his heart of hearts, Ramon Gomez loved none but himself, but, piqued at the thought that, after his successful intrigues with several pronounced Parisian highflyers, a plain little American girl should scorn his offer of marriage, he was determined to win her at any cost, and so, imbued with an unnatural hatred for his rival, he followed him west. For he was none other than Edward Gordon, who, according to an agreement with his fiancee, Edith Montgomery, he preceded her west to Silverlake, where he determined to prospect for gold, but, shortly after his arrival, hearing of a rich new find of gold—a vein near a smaller camp—he and John Gordon, who was his foster brother, departed for the more promising field.

The tragedy of the lonely old Mills mansion had furnished the much desired opportunity for Ramon Gomez to fasten the crime upon the two innocent strangers, for with money unlimited and influence almost equally as great, combined with detestible and fiendish cunning, the jealous devil Ramon had succeeded in securing the arrest of his unconscious rival, and none within the relentless clutches of the law, a trial followed, and as the majority of the jury was bribed, their verdict was for conviction, although, let it be said, that the presiding judge, though of narrow judgment and much influenced by the wily suggestions of Ramon, whose political power was a valuable consideration, yet believed he was administering impartial justice.

Meantime Edith Montgomery was ignorant of the terrible misfortune that had befallen her lover, who, hoping to the last, had determined not to inform her of his imprisonment. Nor had she yet confided to her father her love affair, preferring to wait and tell him in person.

But Ramon had visited her aged father and already his mind was poisoned by the wily villain and as Edith was speeding westward toward Silverlake, all unconscious of the fate of her lover and joyful with the happiness of meeting once more both her dear old father and the man she had promised to marry. She little knew of the terrible shock that awaited her arrival home.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PLANNING THE ESCAPE.

On the morning of the 27th of June Mrs. Stoffel had at last decided upon a possible ruse to convey to the expectant prisoners her plan for their escape. Although she knew that there was a chance of discovery, still it was slight, and as the time was growing short, she determined to take the risk.

Her demeanor toward her husband was such as to lull to sleep any suspicions he might have entertained that she had at times favored the prisoners with other and better meals than the usual prison fare.

After she had placed food and coffee upon the wooden service and threw over it the coarse towel, Grandma handed it through the first door which the sheriff locked behind him. His wife listened as his footsteps died in the distant corridor, then resumed her household duties, as if nothing unusual disturbed the serenity of her mind, which was indeed a tumult of wild conflict and mad but determined resolve. Well she knew that if she followed out the agree-

ment she had just seat to the prisoners, under the very nose of their jailer. She must abandon home, husband, children, and be an outcast, a hunted creature, sharing the dangers and privations of the men she was determined to set free. It was to be so, she told herself. The relentless finger of fate seemed to point to what she believed to be the only way.

With a choking feeling in her throat as if the clutch of an iron hand was shutting off her breath, she waited an hour or more and deeming it safe at last she passed out into the garden and began to trill faintly the melody of a popular air, walking, as she did so, to that part of the stone wall nearest the entry of the prisoners' cell window. In a moment came back an answering signal, a keen low whistle, a bar or two of the same melody, and she knew that Edward Gordon had received the note in safety.

Then she fell all a tremble with weakness, and for once grew pallid. What if the Sheriff, her husband, had found and read the letter, and had himself given her the sign agreed upon! But, pshaw! It would never do, this cowardice. "What must be, will be," she muttered, and conquering her woman's weakness and fear she walked firmly across the garden into the house and planing on her hat, started for a nearby drug store, where she purchased a small quantity of chloroform, explaining to the drug clerk that she desired to destroy the life of a pet—a victim of incurable paralysis.

When Sheriff Stoffel gave the prisoners their breakfast, which his wife had prepared, he did not the least suspicion that he was the bearer of a long communication addressed to Gordon on the subject of his future, and to cast a blot of black disgrace and infamy upon the fair fame of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached. It is probable that he had been able to foresee the contingencies that were to take place in the little jail before the dawn of another day he would have been a determined man, have shot both the supposed murderers through the heart and felt that he fully justified in the act.

But it is a merciful and saving provision of Providence that day comes even hour by hour, man may not know what waits in store, else who would have the courage to keep up a brave front and hope for a measure of happiness and content.

With some matters of business on his mind, Sheriff Stoffel did not linger as usual while the prisoners ate their morning meal, but, closing the slide in the door through which he had passed the food, he locked it away, and Edward and John could hear his departing footsteps on the rocky floor of the corridor.

John had grown thinner and whiter of late, and not a line eyes were a look of utter despair. Hope had fled since the sheriff's wife had refused to communicate with Ethel. To be caged in the close cell, behind steel bars, like a ferocious animal, and then to be led, with shackled wrists before a relentless and condemning judge, and thence—oh, God! Even with the hangman's noose about their necks, that was the awful fate the half-crazed, blue-eyed lad pictured in his waking hours, and saw in his midnight dreams.

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Another installment of this remarkable

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## GOSLETT'S STRATAGEM.

Orfield was a place of much importance, and is so at the present time. Its situation is about a hundred miles express and from six to seven days' up-to-date civilization and were it not for the fact that its neighborhood has produced at one time or another a fair, if not superabundant, supply of gold, it is more than probable that no such place would be found on the map of the state to which it belongs, for there is positively nothing to recommend it as a settling place for any man of enterprising disposition.

But nominate I am about to narrate in the only one that the little settlement can boast of, and for that reason a certain stranger who happens to come into the township has had long to wait before the particulars of the story are detailed to him by one or another of the people with whom he may be thrown into contact.

That, at least, was my experience, for I had hardly pondered on the advisability of a small quantity of chloroform, explaining to the drug clerk that she desired to destroy the life of a pet—a victim of incurable paralysis.

When Sheriff Stoffel gave the prisoners their breakfast, which his wife had prepared, he did not the least suspicion that he was the bearer of a long communication addressed to Gordon on the subject of his future, and to cast a blot of black disgrace and infamy upon the fair fame of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached. It is probable that he had been able to foresee the contingencies that were to take place in the little jail before the dawn of another day he would have been a determined man, have shot both the supposed murderers through the heart and felt that he fully justified in the act.

But it is a merciful and saving provision of Providence that day comes even hour by hour, man may not know what waits in store, else who would have the courage to keep up a brave front and hope for a measure of happiness and content.

With some matters of business on his mind, Sheriff Stoffel did not linger as usual while the prisoners ate their morning meal, but, closing the slide in the door through which he had passed the food, he locked it away, and Edward and John could hear his departing footsteps on the rocky floor of the corridor.

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Gosleft reckoned that he had done a good stroke of business over that, and he began to get cheeky-like and sarcastically affable, but the sheriff was reserved, and the clink of the coins in the old man's pockets—for he always counted them as he walked along—appeared to produce to them a more favorable sound, so to speak.

"They guessed the object of the wealthy man's latest move and it riled them; and it made each of them look like the first photographs of the before and after pictures in the advertisements of some nostrum quack-ery output.

"I chuckled over the ruse, as it was of my own engineering, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on the prospect of a possible legacy from Gosleft, when, one evening, about a month or two after his daughter's departure from Orfield, he put his head in at my door and said:

"'Puttyman, this is a frying-pan-fire transfer.'

"'What!' I exclaimed, as I saw that something was agitating the old man. 'No bad news, I hope.'

"'Sleetie is engaged!' he groaned.

"He appeared to be in such an agitated condition that I poured him out a glass of brandy, after swallowing which he pulled himself together sufficiently to say:

"'Yes, she's engaged; and her intended has the impertinence to call on me today and inform me of the fact. And he brought up a letter from Sleetie to confirm the announcement.'

"'And, of course, you have refused to sanction the match?' I said.

"'No; I thought it wouldn't be advisable to right now. I'll wait a bit and then contrive them to an elopement and that would be a good riddance. They're a very well good sort of fellow and I hadn't the heart to kick him out like the rest of them. And, to tell you the truth, Puttyman, I'm not after the filthy lucre, the chances are that I'll never enjoy much of the affair. But, as I said and done, I'm just about tired of having the whole blessed population of Orfield hanging round about me like a cloud of blood-sucking parasites.'

"'You've been pretty clear,' I responded. 'You've got to find out whether Sleetie loves the fellow and that ought not to be a very difficult matter.'

"'I'll see to that,' he said.

"'Then after your will in the event of their proving favorable to consummate.'

"'How am I going to find out whether he is a penniless knave or otherwise?' he asked.

"'That matter is a nutshell. Just spread it about that you are a bust-up bankrupt—lost everything at last through the Orfield speculation—and when he gets wind of it, a hundred to one he'll break off the engagement, and you'll never hear anymore about the matter.'

"I merely suggested this in an offhand manner, but Gosleft took advice to heart, and said that he should certainly follow it. Evidently only for the benefit of the man who had captivated the heart of Sleetie, but also for the edification of the people of Orfield.

"He was as good as his word and with my assistance he published the lie of his sudden collapse right and left throughout the settlement, and I believe the same effect was sent to Sleetie, and we waited patiently for the results.

"Gosleft bided his part well. He wore his worst clothes and the look of a man who has been hard hit became a last resource. He walked with his eyes on the ground, and his head hanging down.

"For my part, I yarned extensively among the Orfield people, and got off fabulously wholesale. I told them all about his financial troubles which he had been striving to keep secret, and was very much vexed when they put two and two together, they rocked-up, and I found myself very much surprised. They said it was a judgment on Gosleft for his pride, and that he ought to meditate a bit on his past misdeeds.

"I had was the charitable view they took and, it was a matter of fact that the people who had once strained every nerve to be in Gosleft's company now cut him, and nosed high and pretended to be star-gazing whenever they met him.

"The young sparks who used to assemble around his dwelling now cut the place as though it were a pest-hospital.

"It was a splendid lesson for Gosleft, although I don't think he saw it in that light. It showed him that apart from his money he had no friends. Orfield society was composed of unappreciated and unloved nonentity, without a single redeeming feature.

"There were no rivals now to the hand of the distant Sleetie. Men who had been in the habit of making matrimonial speculations began to fraternize together and to look upon each other back in escaping a match with the daughter of a 'duman bum,' as they were pleased to designate old Gosleft.

"But Sleetie had a friend; a man of far different stamp from those of the Orfield district. His opinion of her was not gauged by the monetary standard; nor was it capable of modification. He loved her in obedience to the dictates of his heart, and was not influenced by the cold logic of reason. He heard from the lips of his adored one the revelation of her love, and he thought her fairer. He read the sad news that had been received from her father, and, after a while, had comforted her as far as lay in his power.

"Then came the declaration of his own aspir

# THE DOOMED SEVEN:

## *Or,*

# BETRAYED FOR A PURPOSE.

**By HENRY DALE,**

Author of "An Endless Chase," "Hunted Down," "Pinkertons Little Detective," Etc

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### CHAPTER IV.
### HORRORS OF THE JUNGLE.

When the Honduras officer gained the spot where Kirk had fallen he was astonished not to find him there. Startled with amazement, he looked up and down and into the grass, his eyes sweeping the place as far as the jungle, but no sign of the American was to be seen.

It was quite evident he had played them a trick, and turning to the soldiers hurrying toward him, he shouted:

"To the jungle! He is in the jungle!"

"No, de jungle!" repeated the soldiers.

Kirk had played an old trick on the Honduranis. When he found their bullets coming too close to him, he dropped on the ground and crawled away through the tall grass until he was within the dense thicket of mangroves; crawling through the bushes and among the roots and making his way to deeper shadows.

"There goes the cursed American!" cried one of the Honduras, and he fired his musket in the direction Kirk was crawling. The ball cut the leaves and tender twigs from the mangroves above Kirk's head.

In his sight the young American still clung to his Winchester and revolvers.

Once he cocked his gun and turned to shoot his pursuers, but he could see none of them, and he knew that a shot would be more apt to betray his position than all the rustling of bushes he might make.

He continued to wriggle his way through the dense, hot jungle, finding his way step by step through poisonous plants, rank weeds, and dangerous reptiles.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bullets whistled wild over his head. Some buried themselves in the trees, and others flew among the grass and tender buds, cutting a twig here and there.

"They have missed me so far." Kirk thought. "I am gaining on them every minutes and will soon be beyond their reach."

He could hear his pursuers beating up the bushes in his rear, and continued to press ahead through the tangle weeds, grass and forest.

An hour later he came to a sluggish stream, with a miry bank on either side. He found a log fallen across it, and crawled over on this natural bridge.

When he gained the other side he sat down to rest, think, and watch for pursuers.

Nothing could be heard of the Hondurans, so he concluded that they must have given up the chase. Kirk was almost completely exhausted and sat for a long time panting on the river bank.

Where was he to go now? This was the most unpleasant quandary he had ever been at present.

All Central America was strange to him and the part in which he found himself was a perfect wilderness.

Suddenly he was startled by a slight scraping sound on the log. He quietly laid himself flat upon the ground, and watched the denouement. At first he could not tell whether it was a human being or a beast.

As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness he discovered that it was a negro, and he saw he had a rifle strapped on his back and carried a long, dangerous knife in his hand.

Kirk had not the slightest doubt as to the fellow's intentions. He was one of those human bloodhounds inspired by promise of a reward to hunt the fugitive down.

His first impulse was to shoot him off the log, which he could easily have done, but on a second thought, he knew the flash and report would betray him to other foes near.

He wished for a bayonet with which he might silently dispose of a foe, but not having one, he waited with his rifle at the end of the log.

Kirk had not long to wait, for he soon heard the negro softly creeping forward. When he was within reach Kirk raised his rifle and drove the muzzle of it with such force against the head of the negro that it broke the skull, and he rolled off the log and fell with a splash into the water.

He knew that even if his blow had not killed him, the black rascal would drown before he could possibly regain consciousness.

"That is one disposed of," Kirk thought. "His account settled without the firing of a shot. Now for the others, if there are any."

He waited in breathless suspense for a few minutes, but no other seemed to be near.

Then he determined to leave the place where he was and make his way across the country if he could to Guatemala. Although he knew none of the South Americans were friendly toward him, he believed that they would not seek his life as the Hondurans were doing.

"There is some deep plot in all this," Kirk thought, as he traveled slowly through the wood. "I have been betrayed for a purpose; there can be no question of it. That lawyer, Witmer, is a scoundrel. No, why did he come me off into this country to my ruin? I never did him any harm in my life."

In reality he had never known him until he met him in the barn at Kansas City and had proceeded to make the journey to Central America.

Traveling through the jungle is dangerous, even for a native, and it is worse at night. Kirk knew that the fierce maneating cougars, the alligators, and all sort of other dangerous reptiles were abroad.

Presently he came to a place where a splashing and hoarse bellow of alligators reached his ears, causing his blood to run cold and a chill of horror to convulse him.

The night was intensely dark and he was often in doubt as to the course he was going, distance feeling with his hand.

On one occasion as he was feeling his way with his left hand and holding his rifle in his right, he struck what he took to be cold, scaly body that twisted and squirmed under his touch.

He started back with a thrill of horror, and ran into a morass that seemed alive with slimy, crawling monsters.

"My God, deliver me from this horrible fate!" he cried, staggering through the slough and reaching higher ground all dripping with mire and ooze. He heard a low, growling noise, and crouched up at a slight elevation, where he stopped and stood with his rifle cocked ready to aid his life as dearly as possible. The minutes were wearily on and daylight was now, dimly growing in the wood below, nothing additional appeared on him.

He thought he remained on that knoll for an hour and during that time was quite sure he heard some wild animal snapping its teeth.

The dangers that menaced him that night were enough to turn his hair white, but Kirk lived through it.

Morning came and with the dawn came new dangers.

The wild beasts which had threatened him the night before, of course retired with the rising of the sun to conceal the darkness away from the deep somber shadows of the jungle.

But soon the ominous, deep baying of the terrible bloodhound told him that the human foe had not been given up and were pursuing him with renewed determination.

He waded the streams, he walked on logs, he swung from vines and he resorted to a hundred devices to throw the bloodhounds off his trail, but it was all to no purpose.

On they came after him, growing closer and closer.

He climbed to a rocky eminence where he could command a view for nearly a mile in fourth of a mile wide. Soon he saw three dogs with their noses to the ground, and coming, hurry across the space.

In his eagerness to find the foe, one of the dogs broke from the lead that held him, and despite the sharp call of the master bounded away with the speed of the wind toward the American.

Kirk saw the hound coming and setting his rifle against a stone, drew and cocked his smallest revolver. It was a long, slender barrelled pistol, almost as deadly as a rifle.

The dog came forward, sniffing the ground and at last bounded around the tall mass of rock which concealed the fugitive.

There was a sharp, quick report not loud but keen, and the dog rolled over a bullet in its head.

By this time the two men and the other two dogs were close upon the scene.

Kirk seized his rifle and two more sharp, quick reports rang out on the air. One fell, wounded, the other had learned to run when a bullet from Kirk's rifle struck him in the back of the head.

The man went down like a log.

The dogs thus released, paused a moment as if alarmed and dazed, and then maddened at sight of the foe came bounding forward with gleaming fangs, lolling tongues, and bloodshot eyes.

Again he set the rifle down and once more took up the revolver, as it did not make such a loud report and was equally as deadly at close range.

Crack! One of the dogs uttered a howl, sat back on his haunches, slunk back a pace or two and fell. The other paused and had turned three-quarters round, puzzled at the strange fate of his companion.

The remaining beast dangerously exposed his flank to the marksmanship of the American.

Crack!

A yelp of pain, a snapping at his side, which seemed to be all the beast crept away a dozen paces or more and fell, a gasp or two, and it was dead.

Only one hound and one foe, when Kirk emerged from his natural fort, and he quickly dispatched that with a heavy stone. Then he waited a long time for some others to come, but none appeared.

"In the first battle, victory for Uncle Sam!" declared Kirk, "I doubt, however, if Uncle Sam would favor my declaration. Well, heaven knows, I did not want to fight. They have forced it on me."

There was nothing to detain him here, so he went on. He got some ripe bread fruit and oranges from which he made a meal, and being very tired, he reached a bit of rising ground and lay down to rest.

Kirk's situation could not have been more disagreeable or perilous. The tropical sun rose high in the heavens and beat down upon the jungle, causing the broad leaves of the bananas and palms to wilt and droop.

He grew drowsy and despite the danger which surrounded him fell asleep with his head resting upon a palm tree. He slept and dreamed.

In his dreams he seemed to be once more at his home in Kansas City. Once more he saw Flora Collins, the beautiful being upon whom his heart was fixed. The dear girl nestled close at his side and her great deep blue eyes looked upward to his. A peaceful calm came over his stormy life. Flora looked up with her soulful eyes fixed on him, and the blush on her cheek were doing only its natural flush of love.

"Dear Flora, this is the happiest moment of my life. Never have I enjoyed such bliss. But how did I come from that wilderness and those dangers?"

Flora looked at him with a strange look of fear in her face.

"Dearest, are you over over?" she asked.

"I thought so."

"Only while he lives?"

"Who?"

"Witmer?"

"Mr. Witmer?"

"Not he alone; there was another."

"Who?"

"Your cousin."

"Joel?"

"Yes."

"Why should he wish to ruin me?"

"Can you not surmise?"

"No; save that he loves you."

"And he hates you."

"It was he, was it?"

"Yes."

Then the fair being whom he was clasping in his arms trembled and nestled closer to him. A wild gust of wind tore the door open, and a cold breeze swept slowly over his face.

It seemed cold and heavy as lead and he shook it off, only to find a large serpent lying across his face.

With a cry of horror, throwing the horrible creature off, and struggling to his feet.

It was fully ten feet in length and dragged its slimy body over the ground. The rank grass until it disappeared in the jungle.

"Was ever man beset with such dangers as surrounded me?" he cried, with a cry of dread.

Little did the gallant Kirk dream that his perilous adventures were but just begun and that he was yet to go through scenes more terrible than he could make his hair turn white.

He looked up from the ground and cocked it, half inclined to shoot the reptile, which turned about as if to challenge him.

But on second thought he determined to let it go, for the report of a shot from the serpent would perhaps bring another foe upon him.

He let down the hammer of his gun and on proceeded his way through the wilderness.

At one time he was quite sure pursuers were near. He could hear voices talking. They seemed to be in the woods right at his back, but he saw no one.

These strange sounds he knew were produced by the peculiar acoustics of the country. A voice at a distance of two miles might seem near at hand.

He climbed into the branches of a great tree to stay during the night.

The night was intensely dark and the voices of the wilderness were plainly heard as evening fell. The growling, the howling and the snapping of wild beasts were simply appalling to the hero's heart.

Not long after dark there was heard in the wood just below the tree a terrific struggle.

He could only dimly see dark monsters fighting with each other, but the wild snapping of teeth and furious tearing of flesh was close enough to make each hair stand on end.

Suddenly he became aware of one monstrous animal climbing into the tree where he had taken refuge. Was it climbing in search of refuge, or to attack him?

In either case he knew it would be an unwelcome guest, and prepared to meet the foe.

### CHAPTER V.
### ABEL EVANS AND FLORA.

No one ever knew Flora Collins but to love her. She was the most popular girl in the small circle in which she associated.

Her father died when she was but a child and was raised by an aunt, a plous old lady, who had been a mother to her.

Flora was pretty, every one who saw her on the street felt a strong inclination to turn and cast a second glance at her, as if one look was not sufficient.

She had lovers and admirers by the score but she had given her heart to Kirk, the brave young soldier, and was true to him.

Among her most ardent admirers was her lover's cousin, Mr. Abel F. Evans.

Abel had met her about a year before the opening of our story, and was charmed with her. She was the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

Then one day in company with one of his club associates he saw her upon the street. The club man declared her a most charming creature and when Abel intimated that she might possibly become his wife he congratulated him on his selection.

"But she has no wealth," said the worldly-minded Mr. Evans.

"What of that, my dear boy," the clubman responded. "You have large wealth, you have an abundance, and the honor of being the husband of the most beautiful woman in America, surely will compensate for marrying a poor girl."

This inspired him with a desire to woo and win the beautiful Flora.

No one knew really how poor Abel Evans was save himself. He was a pauper, that he knew, or he would be unless he managed affairs so that he could inherit a big fortune, which he could only obtain by getting rid of another.

That had been arranged. A dangerous rival in love and business was disposed of.

The electric wires flashed the news all over the country of the tragedy of Americans in Honduras.

"Seven are drowned!" was the great flaring headline in most of the dailies. Of course among those seven was the name of his rival and cousin, whom he hated.

"That will be the end of Kirk," he chuckled to himself. "I am glad to get rid of him. Curse him, he has been my evil genius ever since I can remember. Now he is gone."

That evening he called on Flora. It was a neat but humble home in which she lived. Her father had left her a few dollars who scowled at him, not from ill nature but from defective vision.

"I want to see Miss Collins," he explained.

"Oh, yes, wont you come in?" said the old woman. "She is in her parlor," and in the parlor and I'll call her down."

She led the way into the little parlor into which she invited him. One jet of the gas chandelier was lighted and all others were turned low. She lighted the small apartment.

A few portraits and oil paintings were on the wall, which was covered with a dark paper design.

He sat gazing at the humble surroundings and speculating on the possibility of Flora being anxious to change her life for more comfort, more air, more light.

At last a light footfall was heard and a young face appeared at the door. The eyes were bright, the cheeks were pale, face pale and anxious.

"Flora, I am the cause of her grief and anxiety."

"Mr. Evans, I did not know it was you. I was told some one wished to see me."

"You were correctly informed. I do want to see you. Pray take this seat."

As she dropped into the chair her features were expressive of deeper anxiety and she was scarce able to restrain her tears.

"Miss Flora, I am sorry no one had come to me with some news of—of—James Kirk-patrick," he said with a sigh.

"I have news of him."

"Good news or bad?"

"Well, now, my dear Miss Flora, you can hardly expect any good news from such a desperado as Kirk. He is a bad character of the very worst class in the world. He is a desperado and he has got himself into trouble, as one might well expect."

She turned her face to his face and gave him a look of astonishment.

"What do you mean?"

"Were, have you not come to appreciate Kirk?"

"Yes."

"I fear not."

"I will listen to no word of harm against him."

He saw that he was treading on dangerous ground and in affecting a making a serious blunder, consequently changed his course.

"Far be it from me to say aught against my unfortunate cousin. I always loved Kirk," and a hypocritical look of grief swept over his face. "But he would never take my advice. Had he asked me, I should certainly have advised him against this mad filibustering in behalf of a slave. I understand why he engaged in it."

"Why, he went as a filibusterer."

"My dear Miss Evans, why was he there? Why was he captured and doomed to be shot, if he was not a filibusterer?"

He went to Central America to engage in the banana trade, railroad. He was not a filibusterer. He told me of his plans. He was not engaged in large trade."

"He told you that, but it was to deceive you."

"No, no; he was truthful."

With a shake of the head intended to be sad, he said:

"Many others have thought as you did. I did once, but now I am a loved my unfortunate cousin I must say that he was not good for much, and that he was handed and to believe otherwise, but facts are against him."

Flora was not one to contend over any question, and consequently became silent. In observing her silence and misconstruing it, thought it time to revert to the subject that was the cause of his being.

"Flora, let us not talk of Kirk now."

"Can he be saved?"

"No; the entire seven are doomed, and he will die with them."

"I have written to the president and asked him to save him. He went do it. He has the power to pardon all the bandits and consequently will care nothing for the Doomed Seven. Let us give that up and turn our attention to more matters. Do you know I am very much concerned about you."

She gave him an eager, inquiring look and asked:

"Why?"

"You deserve better quarters and a better fate than this. Now your home is small."

"I am very welcome here."

"I don't doubt that. You would be welcome anywhere. But your sphere is cramped. You should be in society."

"I do not care to go into society."

"You owe it as a duty, my dear, to give the world the benefit of your talents and beauty. Now, I have come to offer you a home bright and sunny, a heart that is true and wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice. Will you accept them with a name that is unsullied?"

She turned her eyes upon him with a dazed, stunned look.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I have come to offer you my heart and hand in marriage."

"Is this a time to talk of matrimony?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Oh, Mr. Evans, with poor Kirk doomed to die; how can you think of such a thing?"

"There is no need to dwell longer on the fate of the filibusterers. Much as we regret their sad fate, we are powerless to aid them. They have defied the laws of nations and must suffer the consequences. Let them do so; we will drop that subject. Now I offer you a name unsullied, a home and wealth and happiness. You shall have every luxury heart can wish. Diamonds and dresses and pleasures untold. You shall take voyages to Europe and spend your time at watering places among the rich and noble——"

"Stop," cried the brave girl, rising and holding up her hand. "You paint a beautiful picture, but I refuse to accept it. No, no, no! A thousand times no! My heart belongs to Kirk. I love him and will wait till eternity for him. If he be dead then I will pass my life in widowhood. Make no proposition of marriage to me. I will not accept none."

"You are very foolish. You will see the day you will rue this," he declared.

"I will not," she answered. "All your wealth and promises are not worth a single moment's memory of the man I love. If that is your mission here, it is ended. You may go. Mr. Evans, for never, never will I consent to marry you."

"Then you will live to regret this."

"I do not."

"Then I defy you. Jo—despise you."

"You shall yet beg mercy of me."

"Help, God!"

"I go but when I come it will not be with an offer of love. It will be reluctantly accept my offer, be my wife, and I will save Kirk's life. Refuse, and he will die."

She started, clasped her hand to her heart, and gasped:

"Oh, you have changed your tone. Yes! I will be your wife if you love me so."

She fell into a chair, buried her face in her hands and tried to stem tears while the look of a devil came over his face.

"I beg her she will not be a fool," he chuckled the fiend, feeling assured that she would not now dare to refuse him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GREETING HARRIS.

The brave young American in the branches of the tree awaiting the approach of some unknown animal had no idea that the maiden whom he loved was in peril from the man she despised.

With his revolver ready over his shoulder, Kirk drew a revolver, and bent over along the branch on which he sat, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the wild beast that was craning upon him. But as soon as caught a glimpse of the dark outline, it was but a few feet away and crawling slowly toward him.

He extended his hand, holding the cocked revolver until it almost touched the animal's head and then pressed the trigger.

The blinding flash and stunning report which shook the air caused a wild scampering below. For a moment a heavy body swayed to and fro on the branch, and then with a dull, heavy thud went down with a crash upon the ground.

Then all was still. He waited several minutes, and listened carefully for a return of the furious monsters which had threatened his life, but they seemed to have departed to other parts of the forest.

The silence was only broken by the buzzing insects which swarmed about him and made life uncomfortable. He was stung so often that he was almost driven to frenzy.

He climbed down upon the ground, and through the darkness made out a dark form lying motionless upon the earth. He knew the beast was dead and unwilling to remain longer in his uncomfortable position, crept slowly and carefully to the ground.

He went close to the dark monster lying still in death and went on his way holding his rifle in his hand.

He had gone about a mile when he became aware of more wild beasts in the forests. He heard a rustling in the jungle and an occasional angry growl. Once he found a pair of fiery eyes glaring at him. He leveled his rifle at the eyes, took the best aim he could, for he realized that anything but a fatal shot would be his death, and fired.

The loud report seemed to echo and re-echo over the forest far and near, and he heard scampering in every direction.

As he leaped aside and fled he never knew whether his shot was fatal or not. He traveled a long while and sat down on a stone to rest.

The eastern horizon was growing brighter and there was promise of a glorious dawn.

He felt himself growing weak. His long fatiguing flight and lack of proper nourishment was telling even on his iron constitution.

He saw through the darkness a long, scaly

"My God!" he gasped.

monster creeping from a lagoon toward him. Quickly he cocked his rifle and fled. There was a great floundering and splashing of mud and water as the monster crawled over and the creature disappeared beneath the soft slimy ooze.

Day dawned almost instantly. The early morning twilight is of short duration in the tropics. The stars shine one moment, are gone the next, and it is light. He could see nothing of the monster in the lake. He arose and went away.

Hours and hours he discovered a wild hog and shot it. He skinned it, made a fire and broiled some of the steaks which he ate without salt or bread, and found it quite delicious. Hunger will make even the most unsavory food palatable.

For a while he seriously contemplated taking the meat with him and did carry off some broiled steaks to feed upon when hunger came again.

About the middle of the afternoon he suddenly came upon a large drove of wild hogs. They were grunting and fighting about the roots of a small tree, seemingly angry, tearing at the roots with their great tusks, and rearing upon their hind feet as if they wanted to get at something in the bush, which bent beneath his weight.

Kirk knew what the trouble was, and taking refuge in the tree near, opened fire on the wild animals.

In a few minutes he had shot five or six and his companion took the alarm and fled.

Kirk descended from his perch and went to the unfortunate man who was sliding down the slender bush.

"Hi help, you are not hurt," he said, in English, forgetting that he was in a country where Spanish only was spoken.

"Kirk, Kirk!" cried the young fellow he addressed. "How in heaven's name did you come here?"

"Harris, Will Harris, is that you?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were captured?"

"I was, but I escaped."

"When?"

The brave fellow was so overcome by the horrors through which he had gone that he could not readily collect his thoughts.

"I don't know," he gasped, sinking on the ground. "It was a day or two, a week or two, or a year or two ago. I have lived an awful life since then, wandering through the forest."

"Have you no arms?"

"No; they took them from me."

"How did you escape?"

"I—I—" he answered, pressing his hand upon his forehead. "I can just remember going with a party through the woods, of slipping my handcuffs, knocking down two or three, and bolting away into the jungle with a shower of bullets raining after me. That is all I know. Oh, Kirk, I am starving. I have eaten nothing since—since—I can't tell when."

"What is it all about us," said Kirk, gazing on the hogs he had slain. Drawing his knife, he proceeded to skin one rapidly, and making a fire broiled steak for his starving companion. He also took the precaution to cut one away as coolly quantity himself.

"Kirk, have you any idea where we are?" Harris asked, after he had satisfied his appetite.

"Yes; we are in Honduras."

"What is that?"

"I don't know."

"Where are you trying to go?"

"I don't know."

"I don't believe it will be much safer for us there."

"Why not?"

"The Guatemalans seem to stand in with the Hondurans and will turn us over to them."

"I don't think they will," returned Kirk. "At least, it is the best we can do."

At that moment a gun, pointed bay broke on the air and the Americans started to their feet.

"What is it, Kirk?" asked Harris, his cheek blanched with fear.

"It is the sound of bloodhounds!" Kirk answered, his lips pale but firm. "The devils are again on our trail."

This remarkably dramatic and interesting story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are offered our free gift premium. Patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

BY JAMES C. FERNALD.

I am not superstitious. When a child my parents never allowed us to be told of ghosts or specters; my father was especially emphatic in teaching us that there were no such things as ghosts. Some years after I had read, as everyone does, in current literature, but always to laugh at them afterwards and soon forget it. Especially I had been taught to go up to it and take hold of it, and so had many times once found something very threatening to be very commonplace.

But when a freshman in college I had an experience that severely shook and came near shattering my confidence in them. I had a third-story room in a nice, quiet house, somewhat retired in location, and occupied by a private family who had but one other lodger, also a student, besides myself. I studied hard by day and was accustomed to get home early and sleep soundly till the chapel bell rang for "morning prayers."

One night I had gone to bed as usual, putting out my light and leaving a low andirastic fire in my open stove. About 2 I woke. There, in the middle of the room, stood a man, a tall, thin man, with a face not clear in the dim light, but his form perfectly distinct. I was not easily frightened me. "A burglar!" I said to myself; "shall I lie still and pretend to be asleep? No. I'm too nervous for that. Jump on him. Besides, he has probably already noted the change in my breathing." This passed through my mind with the swiftness of lightning. Before I had decided what there's fighting to do, I'll be on my feet!" and with one sweep of my arm I flung the bedclothes from me, and leaped into the middle of the room. I had both hands ready to grasp the throat of the arms, expecting a struggle, but sure, if only I could hold out a few moments for assistance at least, would be up to my aid.

Anyone who has suffered himself for a nightmare conflict may appreciate the sickening reaction that came upon me when I found myself grasping—the air. The man had not gone anywhere; I had had my eyes on him every moment from the time I awoke; he was not. I do not believe if I had been the bravest man that ever lived I could have been one-half so frightened as by that sickening, nameless terror, such as has never been described before. I rushed over to the door; he must have gone through it. No; it was fastened as I had left it, the inside. I found matches and struck a light, waving that way across the room. I did not light showed the room all clear. I stopped and looked under the bed; there was no one to have come up or gone down.

There was just one other possibility. Mine was a "gable" room. The ceiling sloped down toward the eaves at one side, the perpendicular wall there being about four feet high. In this side was a door, which I had never had the curiosity to open. I went to this and found it fastened, but with a spring catch. A person could have passed through and sprung it after him. But why did I not hear it click? However, I opened the door, and with lamp in hand stooped, almost kneeling into the recess. It was a long, low closet, running the whole length of that side of the house, an uncanny place to explore alone at midnight. But I could soon see clear to each end; there were a few old pieces of carpeting, old curtains, etc., which could not conceal anyone, and down at the far end was a black trunk, with the cover a little ajar.

I have to confess that I had not the nerve to go stooping down that long, low passage and open that black trunk. I contented myself with the observation that it was too small for any man possibly to get into, came out, and shut the door. By this time I was rather chilly, I said to myself, "I must have been dreaming, though I never knew a dream so vivid." So I blew out my light and popped into bed.

I was forgetting my adventure in the first sweet unconsciousness of sleep, when I woke with a start. There stood that man again! I saw him! I saw him! I saw him plainer. I would master him or die. Again I found myself surrounded by empty space in the dim room, in the still night. The cold sweat stood out on my forehead. I was thoroughly terrified at last.

What was this silent figure that came from nowhere, without sound or motion, to which locked doors were no obstacles, rising like an exhalation to stand watching my sleep? This that was swifter than my utmost swiftness? This against which all strength was useless, which could vanish without going anywhere and leave my terror to—die? Dim memories of all the ghosts I had ever read or heard of flooded in upon me. Had some terrible crime been committed in that house, and was I the unquiet spirit of criminal or victim?

I clenched my fist and took a firm step forward to break the spell. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, dashing my hand across my damp forehead. My fist always sought me that there were no such things as ghosts, and I will not believe it now. That is one of the fetters that I'll study this thing through." I lit my lamp, tried doors and windows, and all fast as before. Could this be some trick of my "scapie?" It did not seem possible, for a sophomore is a bodily entity and cannot go through locked doors. The trouble with this was that it came from nowhere and went nowhere.

I said to myself, "There are such things as optical illusions. I will see if there is anything about that might suit this shape." I searched the walls; there was not a garment hanging anywhere, not a picture nor wall paper pattern that could by any possibility be tortured into the semblance of what I had seen. Next week's Ledger will tell how I determined upon this: I would lie down in exactly the same position, and see if anything in the room would assume the dread appearance. I accordingly extinguished the light again, lay down with my head in the very depression it had left in the pillow, almost closed my eyes, and there was my mask, or ghost, again. Now I did not spring, but simply opened my eyes wide, looking intently straight before me, and, lo! my ghost materialized!

On a chair, just across the room, was my own suit of clothes. I do not think they were so frightful when the owner had them on, but now the illusion was perfect. The coat and vest hung over the back of the chair, the white shirt was laid carefully over them from the collar with the sleeves hanging smoothly down, while the trousers were laid across the seat of the chair, the legs hanging down to the floor. Some readers may know certain optical toys by which a distorted image drawn on a level surface seems to stand upright when you look in a mirror or through a lens, and takes some clear and unexpected shape. It was so now. By alternately opening and again nearly closing my eyes, I could see, in the mirror, an ordinary suit of clothes, or I could make them stand up a ghostly, terrible form in the middle of the room a portentous figure.

So my phantom was explained and I did laugh. I jumped up, pulled my chair of clothes and away from the firelight and out of the range of the mirror, went back to bed, and the phantom came no more. But I slept soundly till morning. I have no doubt many of the most bloodcurdling ghost stories rest on as slight a foundation as this; and had I not been trained by a wise father, and knew something of the laws of optics, I should always have believed there was a ghost in that room at this hour, which I saw and tried to grapple with in vain.

### Animals With Three Eyes.

Nearly every one has heard of the tuatara, the curious iguana-like looking creature now found only on some few islands off the coast of New Zealand, and supposed to be the only living representative of its order on the face of the globe. One of the most curious features is an organ on the head, which at first was thought to be a gland, the pineal gland, but which Dr. Dendy discovered is by no means a gland at all. His study of the subject caused the greatest interest in the scientific world, and relics, and an illustration of the way in which research is specialized nowadays, it may be mentioned that Dr. Dendy's work was confined to the study of the third eye one distinguished English writer has termed it—and the skeleton, another the kidneys and so forth, each one of whom forms an anatomical knowledge of the tuatara ought to be complete.

More recently Dr. Dendy has discovered another New Zealand creature possessing a third eye, this time in the form of a lamprey; a favorite article of food among the Maories. This third eye is situated on the top of the head and is covered with a thin membrane, and it is doubtful whether it is now of any practical use for seeing, but Dr. Dendy believes that at one time, far back in the world's history, there were two eyes on the back of the lamprey's head. In a number of the Australian papers the Melbourne Argus, that at one time the tuatara was found in three parts of the world, but now is confined to New Zealand, only one remains. In the tuatara it is the left eye which has survived, while in the lamprey it is the right one.

### Be Each a Gentleman.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
—W. M. Thackeray.

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Don't believe all the good things you hear of yourself.

Few women flirt after they get married—and few men flirt before.

The most trying time in a woman's life is when she visits her dressmaker.

No man knows how foolish he can act until he attends a 9 o'clock tea.

"Glad to see you" is one of the little white lies that are worked overtime.

When a young husband becomes a father he feels as happy as he looks scared.

Sometimes a man's sins find him out—but he is more apt to be found out by his wife.

Congress will adjourn June 16. At last congress has thought of something popular to do.

On her wedding day the happy bride can see no good reason why the honeymoon should not last forever.

When a man thinks he knows it all he seldom takes the time to investigate the worth of his supposed knowledge.

Venezuelan rebels are about to become the government and that means the other fellows to be the rebels for a change.

New York millionaires should call off their body guards. Assessment of that sort is rather expensive even for millionaires.

As to the Filipino prisoners it is now asserted that when they rustled around and got hoes they furnished them with an abundant supply of water.

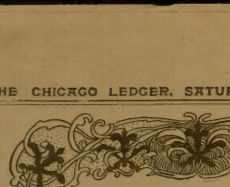
United States senators must be a suspicious lot, as they feared the sugar trust might take advantage of a reduction of the Cuban tariff to make money.

Coal mine owners declare they have nothing to arbitrate with their men. They might have added that the public's claims to consideration will also be ignored.

Perhaps the packers wish now they had never taken rebates from their railroads. Still, in that case they would not have so much money with which to hire lawyers.

While it may be that the ship combine is formed for the purpose of reducing rates, yet it is evident that the dividends it has obligated itself to pay must come from somewhere.

Congressman Landis of Indiana has supplemented Gen. Sherman's celebrated definition of war by saying, "War is not a Sunday school picnic." This was to have been inferred, however, from the earlier authoritative declaration.



# THE PRINCE OF SOLDANA;

Or,

## THE TRAGEDY OF ALLEN WATER.

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

Begun in No. 31, May 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, and back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Long after the busy mill had ceased, and the water lay still; long after the moon had risen and the stars were shining bright, the miller's wife lay wide awake listening to that faint sobbing, which was the most terrible sound she had ever heard. Laughter and smiles, bright words, the gleam of happiness, had always been associated in her mind with her daughter; she could not endure this sound of bitter wailing and tears.

Once the miller woke when the sound of that bitter weeping and bitter sighs seemed to pervade the quiet house, and when his wife told him the sound he heard was his daughter weeping, he grew angry and declared it was all nonsense, and, calling for water, he said, And when she begged him not to be angry, and to tell her child for what she was fragile and tender of heart, he laughed heartily and answered that he knew what was best for her; his beautiful Lina should never be given to a penniless Frenchman; he would rather the whole French nation sunk under the iked sea first; his beautiful child Lina should wed a high-born gentleman; a few tears would not kill her. And when the mother said, timidly,

"She has never had to weep before," he answered, that it was the law of nature that women should weep.

"What does her own song say," he quoted, "'Men must work and women must weep.'"

If she weeps now, wife, she will shed no more afterward. She will soon forget the Frenchman, her tears will never stop. I know what is best for her. Hush, she will be all right in a few days, and then you will be glad that I did as I am doing."

All the same he had to bear the sound of weeping and wailing and the next morning Lina was pale, and ate her beautiful bank at the usually cheerful breakfast table. No beautiful light in her eyes, no sweet voice; the sunlight itself was not more missed than she was, but the miller would not yield one inch.

"Headache? It would be far better for her to get up and work than to look so."

But when, some hours afterwards, he met her as she was going down to Allen Water, he saw that even the fresh morning air had brought no color to her face, and that no light to her dim eyes. How little he understood the desolation that filled her heart. There was Allen Water looking at her in the light, but where was he, the handsome young lover, with the loving eyes and sweet, caressing words? What was all the loveliness on earth without him? And she went to her and kissed her. He found her hands and face cold as death.

"Have a care, Lina, my darling," he said. "It will bring the roses back to your face."

But she sighed as she went along the willows, ways without him. She took up her books, and more than once in the evening, when the miller went out, she heard she sang, but never the favorite ballad of Allen Water. Her heart was full, and when he was left her; she cared no more for the rambles in the woods, she went no more in the clover meadows, the path by the mill never sought the banks of Allen Water. It seemed to her that if she went out and met him suddenly she should fall down dead. In vain the sunshine called her, in vain the beautiful water rippled and gleamed, in vain did rose and lily bloom and birds sing; she shut herself in her room and tried hard to obey her father—she tried to forget Leon. She might as well have tried to stem the mountain torrents when the wind forces them; the more she tried to forget him the more deeply she loved him. She grew more and more miserable, the color faded from her beautiful face, and her eyes grew dim. Mrs. Derwent was very unhappy over her. More than once she drew the miller's attention to his daughter.

"She is ill, I tell you," she said. "Oh, John, relent, or we may lose her, and then—"

"It would be better to lose her by death," said John Derwent, "than to give her to that Frenchman; besides, she will not die. Do you remember the old inne—

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them,

But not for love,'

"She will not die; many a girl loses the color and light from her face, but they come back again. It is a matter for her to suffer a little now than more later on."

But the time came when he himself felt anxious about her. She had only been three weeks parted from her lover, but she was already but the shadow of her former self.

Never was struggle more desperate in the heart of any girl. She loved her father—she had no wish to disobey him; she was afraid of him, and wished to please him; she could not endure to pain or vex him; she could not bear even to see the brightness of his face dimmed. On the other hand, she loved her young lover with all her heart; she had given to him the love of her life—her heart had gone from her and clung to him. She did not care to live unless her life were spent with him. She would have died for him, and when, as she met him, if she exchanged one word with him, it would be all over with her; she could not endure to live apart from him or disobey her father; once with him, she felt she could think it possible for sorrow to come, and then the light of love would overpower duty; there would be days of bitter tears and sighs, nights without rest, hours that seemed like endless days, and days that seemed like endless nights; then would come the bright light of the sun, the song of the birds, or the sweet, soothing whisper of the stream, and not hear that her eyes should rest on the beautiful stretch of waters, and she longed for nothing but the rest and the silence of death.

For love is the strongest and most terrible passion that ever takes hold of the human heart. Love is sweet, but it is the most to be dreaded, yet the most to be desired, and love had taken full possession of the girl's heart.

Yet she fought her fight. There came a day when the sunshine was more brightly on Allan Water, and she heard so plainly the singing of the birds in the stream, and she knew, as though she had seen him, that her lover was under the window, waiting and longing for her. She had to draw and draw aside the hangings, to open the window, and then all the light of a regained Paradise would be hers.

But the love for her handsome face would be raised to the window; how the longing, the sinful pain would darken her shadow; how he would listen to the failures of that gave token of her presence; how great her temptation—how great the struggle. At one moment she felt that she must go; the next moment she would spring down to him, and he could row her over the water, away to the soft, quiet, sleepy land of fairyland. Nothing stood between her and that glimpse of intense happiness, seeing and speaking to him but her sense of duty and her conscience.

Sometimes she got to draw up the blinds and oph the window, to look down on the gliding water, beautiful Allen Water as a dream in the moonlight, to spend a few moments with the young lover who loved her so dearly—sometimes she was the winner. She would not go because her father had forbidden her to do so again. Conscience was the winner; but at what a price. Bright eyes grew dim, cheeks grew pale, tears—a day of languor and misery.

She looked out on the broad sheet of water when the morning rose and she saw that her lover had left a great heap of floating water lilies for her, and saw, so at least she might know he had been there.

The spaniel missed her greatly; how cruel she had been not to go near him, not to look at him, not to speak to him; a pathetic cry of sorrow broke from her. It was hard for anyone to live in such a struggle.

She made one last and desperate appeal to her father, but he would not listen.

"A little more patience," he said, "and you will have forgotten him. You will see the truth of my words some day. If I were willing—if I gave my consent to your marriage tomorrow, you would repent it with your whole heart in a few months. When you grow older and know more, you will know that no English father would care to give his beloved child to a French noble—if he be a noble—which I doubt very much, after all. You will find out later on how true my words are."

No prayer that she could pray, no tears, no passion or grief or pain could move him, no words soften him, no persuasions induce him to change his opinions. It was banishment from her lover and life without him. She made no more appeals, she saw and understood that her father would be firm at any cost.

She marveled much, poor child, that life should have taken so strange a turn for her; that all its freshness, brightness and hope should have died so suddenly; why that one dream of beauty and sweetness, almost divine, should have been given her to die in such a short time.

Hundreds of girls before her, and hundreds since have had the same struggle between duty and love, between father and lover; perhaps none have felt it more keenly or suffered so much from it.

By this time Lina's sad, sweet love story was known; the sympathy of the young was with the girl and her lover, the sympathy of the old with the miller. The story was discussed in many of the humble households around Lynn, and there was much wonder how it would end—whether the miller would yield, whether the young Frenchman would grow tired of his ardent pursuit and go away or whether time would lessen the girl's love and another lover prevail.

There came a calm, bright Sunday morning when the warm languor of heat seemed to lie over the land, throbbed in the blue ether, and trembled in the golden haze on the banks of Allan Water, and even by the mill, the sound of the chiming of the church bells at Lynn was heard.

The miller listened attentively.

"That is a sure sign of settled fair weather," he said, "when we can hear the bells from Lynn."

He would have obeyed their summons and have gone to church but that the noise of the machinery of the mill had gone wrong, and he was afraid to leave it. Mrs. Derwent was not well, and so there she Lynn rang out their solemn peal there was no one at the mill to respond to the call.

"Go to church, Lina," said the miller, looking at the pale face of his child, "a walk over the fields will do you good."

The girl looked wondering what she should do during the whole of that long, golden day; how she should get through the weary hours, and she trembled at the one glimpse of her lover—long hours, while the sun would ride high in the heavens and the earth droop under its burning rays.

"I will go to church, father," she said, and then one of the prettiest sights seen that summer was the miller's lovely daughter as she walked through the sunny meadows, prayer-book in hand. The light footfall, the soft rush of her dress in the grass; the beautiful face, almost more lovely in its pale refinement than in the full bloom of health; the slender, girlish figure in the dress of pure white. No fairer picture could be seen.

Perhaps the birds of the air hastened to tell her lover that the miller's beautiful daughter had she crossed the clover meadow and gone into the church, for when Lina heard than a sudden burst of glorious sunshine came over her, and she was looking once more into the face she loved so well.

CHAPTER XI.

She had no time to think whether it was right or wrong, she could not listen to the voice of conscience of duty. She remembered at that moment nothing in the wide world except that he was there, his handsome face smiling into her own, his eyes so frank and fearless looking down on her. He had clasped her hands in his, and the whole earth was forgotten and gladdened by his presence.

"My darling," he cried, in a rapture of delight—never mind that it was Sunday, when every one is expected to behave with extra decorum—never mind that, although it was a deep shady lane, other people might see them, Lina could not listen to her heart and kissed her in a passion of love and pain; "my darling, you were not frightened for want of seeing you. Now that I have you I cannot let you go. Speak one word to me—say that you are pleased to see me."

There was no need for words, as he saw when she looked up to him; and as he was struck by the change in her; her face seemed to have grown thinner, and there was a pathos in its beauty which was perhaps even more attractive than its brightness had been.

"Why, Lina," he cried, "how ill you look; how thin you are; how pale. Who has stolen the roses from your face and the light from your eyes?"

He kissed the pale face and the white eyelids; he seated himself beside her in this great joy of meeting her, while she stood pale and silent.

"I am so glad, so delighted," he cried, almost incoherently. "I thought the time never would come when I should see you. Providence or fate—which is it, Lina—is favoring me. They say that love has been some little pity for us. Oh, Lina, do not look so sad and pale."

The soft chiming of the bells at Lynn came to them with the sweet song of the birds, and the gentle rush of the waters, a soft, sweet chime that floated over the trees. In the midst of the girl that a great burst of golden sunlight had fallen over her and on her lover, and by his brightness she was like going from darkness and cold into sunshine and warmth, and in the bewilderment of that moment she felt that it was not the wrong. Slowly the color was returning to her beautiful face, and her light of love and happiness was coming back to her eyes.

With a sigh of unutterable content she seemed to recognize the fact that she was with him; with a sigh that was full of love, half pain, she laid her arms round his neck and laid her head on his breast.

"Oh, Leon," she said, gently, "I should like to die here. I have wished a hundred times over die here with your arms round me, than go back to the life which is so terrible without you. I have never complained. I have said nothing, but my heart is breaking."

"You need never go back to it, Lina," he said. "Why should we both be miserable? I have been thinking it over and it seems to me unreasonable; why should both our lives be spoiled because your father does not like Frenchmen? It is absurd. You love me and I love you; I want you to be my wife, and you are quite willing; why should we both be made miserable for life?"

"My father has the power to forbid our marriage," she said.

"Nothing of the kind. I know that parents have certain rights over their children but they cannot be pushed too far. No

father has a right to say to his daughter that she shall marry this one and shall not marry another—

But she interrupted him.

"Oh, yes, Leon, a father has that right," she said.

"I do not believe it," he cried. "No one has, or ought to have, the power of forbidding those who love, to marry."

He uttered the words clearly and distinctly, in the after days they returned as so many stabs from a sharp sword and wounded him.

"This is my belief," he said, "that while children are children, they owe implicit obedience to their parents, and ought to render it—it is the law of heaven and of man—but when the child is grown into man or woman, and wishes to marry the object beloved, then do I not acknowledge the right of parents to interfere."

Lima was silent for a few minutes, little dreaming how in the after years these words would be recalled to her. Then she said, slowly:

"I cannot think that, Leon. I should not like to marry unless my father gave his consent. I do not think I would dare marry if he actually forbade me to do so. It seems to me that such a marriage would never carry with it a blessing."

Sweetly, softly, over her came the chiming of the bells at Lynn; the birds sang merrily under the shelter of green boughs. Suddenly Lima looked up at him.

"Leon, must go," she said. "My father has sent me to church, and the bells will soon cease ringing. I must go!"

But he drew her nearer to him.

"Not while I have arms to hold you, sweetheart. That would be flying in the very face of fate. Here we are in the midst of this bright sunshine, brought together after dreary weeks of absence and misery—brought together by fate and much happy fortune—and then you want to go! Ah, no, sweetheart; let the bells chime and the birds sing, but you will stay here, you shall make a prison of my arms and keep you in it."

"But," she cried, in deep distress, "it would not be right, and your mother told me to go to church, and I must go. It would be wrong for me to spend this morning here with you."

"Just a little wrong, but think how very delightful. Be fair, Lima, and tell me how many weeks to your father, and you must not refuse two hours of sweet bliss out here in the sunlight? We will go to the clover meadow and sit under the shade of the lime trees, where we can see Allan Water. Oh, my sweetheart, my love, give me this piece of happiness!"

"But, Leon," she said, half yielding the while, "very bells and very birds be chiming, 'Come to church—come to church.'"

"And the birds are singing, 'Stay here, stay here' 'Come, Lima, my sweetheart.' Fate has been to us this morning; do not let us fly in her face, or she may never be so kind again."

Still she drew back and did not touch the hand he extended to her.

"Leon," she said, gravely, "if I do this, if I stay away from church and spend the morning with you in the fields with you, will be the first time in my life that I have deliberately and willfully done wrong."

"As I said, darling, it is but a little wrong, but most delightful," he replied. "We will not stop to talk about it; let us take the goods that fortune has offered us. I want to talk to you; I want to prove to you to do something that will make me very happy."

The woman who hesitates is lost, Lima hesitated. The bells chimed "Come," the birds sang "Stay here," and "Go," she said "No," but Leon settled the matter when he said:

"If you will be cruel, if you will leave me, there be but one utterance for me, and it is you, and then—then you will see. Come with me, sweet; let us enjoy the hour that fortune has given us."

The next minute she had turned her beautiful face to the clover meadow; a green bank ran under the tall lime trees, a bank that was covered with wild flowers and meadow sweet; the broad, beautiful stretch of Allan Water lay before them; but they could not see the mill, it was hidden from them by the great green trees. He found his precious jewel there, she sat down amongst the tall blossoms of the meadowsweet; he found himself by her side, while the sun shone on and the waters rippled merrily by.

"Now, I can understand," he said to her, "what the Garden of Paradise was like. Oh, Lima, you must not leave me again. I feel like one who has been dead and has come back to life. No one has the power to part us; no one can, for love has the strongest chain and the strongest rights, and I want you, my beautiful sweetheart, to listen to me; why need we be parted one hour longer; why should we not be married and happy? My days are one longing for you, and you tell me one longing for me. Why should it be?"

An old saying is that "a little chink lets in great light;" it is equally true that the little chink lets in great fear. Love of duty entails the gravest consequences. If beautiful Lima Derwent had obeyed the voice of conscience, had heard the voice of the bells that rang out, "Come to church," all her future would be changed. "My father's life would have been averted. She might in time be happy with Leon, might have married for love of her youth, but she was deaf to those bells, she heard only that of her lover, which said, "Come!"

"Lima," he pleaded, and every sweet note in music was in his voice, "Lima, do not let us sacrifice our youth, our love, our happiness. We are in the world to live and enjoy it, and we cannot enjoy it apart. Be my wife at once, Lima, and when your father consents, we may wait until our hair turns gray, but be my wife now, and not persuade you to do anything wrong, sweet Lima; but why should we spend our lives in misery when we can be so happy? Look at the birds, how happy they are, look at the flowers, how they smile at us. Love in this world so full of brightness and beauty is good, and we—we must not be kept apart, wretched and forlorn, parted in eternal sorrow and in eternal tears? Why should we?"

And she listened to him, her beautiful face drooping like a flower in the shade of the lime trees, where we can see Allan Water. Oh, my sweetheart, my love, give me this piece of happiness!

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## SUBSTITUTE.

She—I see you are smoking cigarettes now.
He—Yes; the doctor has forbidden me to use tobacco.

### Very Healthy.

"What are you going to give me, doctor?" "I am going to prescribe a nerve remedy."

"Very good, and I'll settle up your bill some of these days. By the way, doc, would you mind loaning me enough to get the prescription filled?"

"Hm—"

"And have you an odd dime in your pocket I could use as carefare, and—. But what are you doing, doc?"

"I'm changing the prescription. You don't need anything for your nerve."

### Real Values.

Witherby—That's a nice little safe you have for your home, old man. I suppose that is for your wife's use.

Flankington—Not much. She hasn't even the combination.

Witherby—You must keep something very valuable in it, not even to let your wife know the combination of it.

Flankington—You bet I do. I keep all my cellar buttons and shoe strings in that safe.

### Couldn't Use 'Em Again.

Mickey—Wot made yer quit yer job, Jimmie?

Jimmie—Cos de boss had a record of all me relations wot died last summer, an' he wouldn't let me use none of 'em over again. If I don't git a new job I can't see no ball games.

### One Girl's Wisdom.

Anette—Eveline says she prefers a man with a past because he is sure to be interesting; but I think a man with a brilliant future is far more interesting. Which do you prefer, dear?

Marcia—My ideal man is the one with a present—and the more expensive it is the more I am interested.

### Her Excuse.

"My dear," said the fond mother who was walking with her daughter, "I'm surprised at your actions. Don't you know it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street?"

"Yes; I know it is, mamma," replied the fair one; "but I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

### Literal.

"Do you know," said the bore who had wormed himself behind the scenes, "when you look like that you and Ellen Terry are as much alike as two peas?"

"Perhaps," replied the rising actress, with a weary sigh, "that is because I am waiting for my Q."

### Ominous.

"What is that dude talking about at such an hour as this?" asked the irate mamma.

"I just heard him say that he thought he was going mad," responded Mamie.

"Well, I don't care how he goes just so he goes."

### Bilious.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "I wish you would quit playing that infernal piano. I've got a bilious headache."

"I think you've got a good deal of gall to talk that way to me," replied Mr. Ferguson.

### Uncle Ephr'm.

"De elephant," observed Uncle Ephr'm, "kin put his foot down harden dan any animule dat walks, an' yit he don' make no noise dohn' hit."

### Queer Individual.

"I wonder if we'll have any more queer boarders such as we had last year," said Farmer Cornstassel.

"Which do you mean?" asked his wife.

"Why, there was a man over forty years old who wasn't either a judge, colonel, major, doctor, nor perfessor. You don't often run across people like him nowadays."

### Upholsterers Needed.

Tambo—Mr. Banks, I see dat dey are going to send two tons of sawdust to England.

Interlocutor—Well, Tambo, why are they going to send two tons of sawdust to England?

Tambo—To upholster de thin peers dat's going to wear short pants at de coronation.

### Very High.

Patient—Did he say I was on the road to recovery?

Friend—He said you were "on the high road to recovery."

Patient—Well, I guess he is right from the size of his bills.

### Proof at Hand.

Borem—You can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a joke better than I do.

Bifkins—Guess that's right. I've heard you tell the same old joke twenty times and you laughed every time you told it.

### Hung Up His Ulster.

"Were you at Mrs. Destyles' reception last evening?" asked the bud, as they sat down town.

"No," replied the young man, "but I was at three balls."

"Why, how delightful!" she exclaimed. "Where were they?"

"At my uncle's," replied the youth, with a strenuous sigh.

### Then He Ceased to Sit.

It was 11:30 p. m. by the clock in the people when the youth felt called upon to say something.

"Don't you know," he remarked, "I could sit by your side forever."

"Yes," answered the dear girl in the case, suppressing a yawn, "and at the present writing it looks as though you intended to."

### Wise Old Tom.

"You seem to be afraid to fight now," sneered the neighbor's cat.

"No," said the old Tom, who had lost an eye in one of his numerous battles. "I am as brave as ever, but I have to be careful. I have only one eye to keep watch over my nine lives with now."

### Risky Raising.

Cyrus—Yess, Zeke raised corn and made a fortune. Bill raised wheat and did just as good. Sam started raisin' and landed in jail.

Silas—In jail? What did he raise?

Cyrus—Checks.

### Smart Answer.

"What was the result of cutting Samson's hair?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Why, it spoiled him for a football player," replied one of the smart ones.

### Unique.

A furrier makes a novel bid for custom by announcing that Mr. Brown is willing to make capes, jackets and coats for ladies out of their own skins.

## SUMMER COMFORT.

### Get Ready for Warm Weather.

By a complete change in breakfast, at this time of the year, one can put the body right to go through the summer comfortably.

Leaving off meat, potatoes and heavy body heating foods, and use the food that will nourish the body and give reserve force to the brain and nervous system.

A most appetising and healthful breakfast can be made on Grape-Nuts and cream, some fruit and perhaps two soft boiled eggs—this meal will furnish full strength and nourishment up to the next and has a remarkable effect on the body during hot weather. Remember the cells of the body you are now building will last you into summer, so be sure and build the kind that tend to keep a cool body and level head.

One pound of Grape-Nuts has more nourishment—that the system will absorb—than ten pounds of meat, without any of the internal heat of meat that a person wishes to avoid during the warm season; its rich, nutty-flavor added to the delicate sweet of the grape sugar makes a dish pleasing to the most critical taste.

You receive Grape-Nuts from the grocer ready to serve, as it has been thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saves heat from cooking and time and exertion necessary in preparing ordinary food.

A change from the old breakfast to one like this will refresh and invigorate the system in a surprising manner and permit you to enjoy the pleasures of summer in a cool, comfortable fashion when your neighbors, differently fed, will be "hot."

### Cruel.

"How long," asked the youth, "ought a young man to be acquainted with a girl, Miss Hyppie, before he may venture to call her by her first name?"

"How long have you known me?" she asked in turn.

"About six months."

"Well, if he's the right young man that's a long enough time."

"Then, Sadie—"

"But you're not the right young man, Mr. Spoonamore."

## SOUND ADVICE.

Rastus—You see, I didn't mean to hit my wife. I threw the shoes at my mother-in-law and she dodged. What ought I do about it?
Lawyer—Take better aim the next time.

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# Storyettes.

### An Amateur.

There may be worse places on a train than a seat where the sun dazzles one's eyes. The Brooklyn Eagle tells of a man who, finding himself very uncomfortable during a journey to Port Jefferson, cast about for a better location, and lighted upon a private compartment at the extreme end of the car.

It was empty. The cushions were plump, padding was plentiful, the water-cooler was full. All in all, the situation could not have been better. The Brooklynite took possession. As he watched the stations go by he wondered idly why no one came to share the place with him.

"Kind of nice in here, isn't it?" queried the rear brakeman, passing through.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Brooklynite, smiling.

"What do you suppose this little room is used for?"

"Don't know. Smoking room likely. There are match scratchers on the side here."

"No," answered the brakeman. "This is the room in which we usually carry violent lunatics out to the state asylum at Kings Park. This is the first ride in some time we haven't had one. This partition shuts off the rest of the car. The passengers didn't like to be associated with crazy folks, so the railroad fixed it up."

I suppose," continued the brakeman, "that folks have been thinking you was a lunatic for the last twenty-five miles."

The Brooklyn man went out immediately to the rear platform, and at the next rural stop he sneaked along the ground and clambered unseen into another car.

### A Philosophic Problem.

A Virginia member of congress said many years ago to tell a story which may have been intended as a parable for politicians who approach questions from the wrong side. It is still capable of performing that office, not for politicians, but for others.

The proprietor of a tan yard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town, for the purpose of selling leather and buying raw hides.

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door, looking at the sign, his eyes in a round, meditative stare behind his spectacles. The tanner watched him a minute, then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning," he said.

"Morning," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Got any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"Who are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger-hole."

### An Illustrated Sermon.

"I don't know what to make of that boy of mine," sighed a well-known minister of the gospel. "I have tried to bring him up in the way he should go, but he is always coming back as me in a way that destroys the value of what I try to teach him. The other day his mother informed me that he had been throwing stones at one of the neighbor's little boys, and I called him into my study to question him about it.

"'My son,' I said, sadly, 'what is this I heard about your misconduct?'

"'Why, papa,' said he, 'I haven't been doing anything that I ought not to.'

"'Your mother reports that you have been throwing stones at the little Jones boy.'

"'And so I did,' he shouted, defiantly. "'Do you think that is the proper thing for a little christian boy to do?'

"'Why,' he answered, 'you said yourself that a little boy could preach sermons more powerful than those delivered from the pulpit; sermons that would sink deep into the heart and remain there forever, and that I should be constantly on the lookout for a chance to teach such lessons to my little friends.'

"'I remember saying something like that,' I answered, gravely, 'but throwing stones can hardly be classed as a sermon.'

"'Why, papa,' he flashed, 'we heard you say time and time again that there were sermons in stones, and if there was ever a kid that needed a sermon that Jones boy does.'"

### A Churl's Reward.

It costs nothing to be polite, the proverb reminds us. The converse is equally true; it costs much to be impolite. An eminent English physician, according to the story, paid high for a bit of bruesqueness.

He had cured a little child of a dangerous malady. The thankful mother turned her steps toward the house of the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some services which cannot be repaid. I did not know how to express my gratitude, but I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hands."

"Madam," replied the doctor, curtly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, but they do not maintain our families. And he handed back the gift.

"But, doctor," said the lady, in wounded tones, "tell me the fee."

"Twenty guineas, madam."

The lady opened the purse, took out five banknotes of ten pounds each, gave him two of them, with some gold, put the remaining three back in her purse, and coldly bowed her way out of the room.

### Minister Knew Why.

Ernest Thompson Seton—he of animal story-telling and converted-name fame—was describing to a coterie the other day some of his experiences with various animals, particularly squirrels.

"It is an astonishing fact," said Mr. Seton, "that I found, after some tests, that I could attract squirrels, howsoever wild, by singing to them, whereever I sang they would come out of their holes or down from the trees and, though at first showing some timidity, at last they listened and apparently with enjoyment. I remembered one day, however, when after singing them various songs—ragtime and others—I tried to be reverent on words, and as before, at the instant they heard it they scampered off, nor could I induce them to return that day. And to this day I can't understand why."

Whose clergyman, a faraway look in his eye, says the New York Times, suggested very briefly:

"Probably they were afraid you would next proceed to take up a collection."

### A Victor Over Circumstances.

Two years ago a Hennepin man named William Brinkman, a blind man, married a woman likewise blind, and in addition, totally paralyzed. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells what he has accomplished since then, unaided by charity.

This blind man has paid for a home and improved it to a present worth of eight hundred dollars. He has sold three thousand dollars. He has sold three thousand and eight hundred and eight pounds of peanuts and thirty-one thousand popcorn balls. After preparing the morning meal and guiding the food to the mouth of the helpless wife, he rolls the peanut roaster downtown, returning home at noon and night for the other meals.

He does all the housekeeping. Besides that he tunes pianos, repairs clocks and organs. Recently he took an organ of four hundred and twenty pieces apart, cleaned it, and had it together and was playing on it in four hours. A short time ago Mr. Brinkman performed the perilous feat of climbing the court house tower and repairing the town clock, when experts had failed.

### "John" American.

In the town of Zamboanga, on the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, the natives always address an American as "John." The New York Sun explains why.

In the United States it is the custom to call Chinamen "John," and of course, they do not relish this, as they have their individual names like other people. A Chinaman whose feelings had been hurt in this way during his residence in America, was living in Zamboanga.

When he heard that the Americans were coming he informed the natives that there was nothing which the Americans regarded as a greater compliment than being called "John." Consequently, whenever an American goes in that village the natives bow and scrape and salute him as "John." Then they look pleased, and their manner indicates that a few copper coins would be appreciatively received and they cannot understand why the Americans do not respond.

HE KNEW.

She—I understand you play the piano.
He—I sometimes play accompaniments.
She—I accompaniment is to singing!
He—No; accompaniments to conversations.

### Can't Get Nothin' Done.

Winter is too cold fer work;
Freezin' weather makes me shirk.

Spring comes on an' finds me wishin'
I could end my days a-fishin'.

Then in summer, when it's hot,
I say work kin go to pot.

Autumn days, so calm an' hazy,
Sorter makes me kinder lazy.

That's the way the seasons run,
Seems I can't git nothin' done.
—Sam S. Stinson.

### Ulterior Motive.

Cittman—How do you like your new suburban place? Are the neighbors sociable?

Subbubs—They weren't until I purchased a motor lawn mower. Now they're all over me like a cheap suit.

Cittman—Ah, the house in a body, eh?

Subbubs—No; I was just going in the gate carrying my new lawn mower at the time.


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# AT THE WORLD'S MERCY;

## Or,

# The Fortunes of the Darrells.

**By ERNEST De LANCEY PIERSON,**

*Author of "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls."*

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE END OF THE GAME.

When Darrell learned from Stella that Allie Marwood was an inmate of the house it seemed as if the very floor was giving way beneath his feet. What was to be done now?

"Is the name familiar to you?" asked Stella, eyeing him, curiously, for the announcement had come so unexpectedly that he could not collect himself.

"Yes-er," he stammered, "I once knew a person of that name."

"I can easily believe it," she replied, dryly. "Quite well, I should imagine by your confusion."

He made no reply, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor with a strange, set expression. His seemed almost to have forgotten that he was not alone. Allie's name recalled so much that he found himself going over the events of the past few years when her tender friendship had been the one thing that kept him from sinking to the lowest depths. In the rush of recent affairs he had had little time for retrospection, by keeping constantly on the go he had given himself little time to think of the past, or those who had peopled it. But now the thought that Allie was so near him revived all that had gone before, and against the somber background of these dark and dreary days shone her luminous figure like an angel of light.

He was roused from his dream by the sound of the door being softly closed. Then he saw that he was alone. Stella had taken advantage of his abstraction to slip out of the room.

"Well, perhaps it is just as well," he said, with a sigh. "I am in no condition to make an explanation even if one were possible. She read me like a book—she could not help but think that sometime in my life this woman had played an important part in my affairs. I'm a mighty bad hand at concealing my emotions."

He rose and walked up and down the room deep in thought. What he must do now was a tangled problem he found not easy to unravel. Who could have thought that Stella's simple shopping tour would have so complicated matters. Should he try and still brave it out? It was not likely that Allie would speak long in the house, since her injuries were not serious. He knew that as soon as she was able to go she would, for the bread of charity would have choked her. He might not see her face to face and even then her natural pride would perhaps compel her to silence. Was it worth risking, or would he throw up the game? After all, would he ever know peace of mind again, even if things turned out as they had been planned and he married Stella Dorncrest?

His meditations, pleasant and otherwise, were interrupted by a timid, hesitating tap on the door.

Could it be Stella who had returned? He hoped not, for he felt that he could not face her just then when his mind was so disturbed with conflicting thought.

As he did not reply at all, the knock was repeated, then the door opened and a young woman stood before him, not at all the one he had expected to see.

"Allie!" burst from his lips, for the sight of her so wan and changed had forced him to speak in spite of himself.

For a moment she stood staring at him in wild-eyed wonder, as if she had never expected to see him in life again. Then as if assured that she was not dreaming she swayed unsteadily, and would have fallen if he had not stepped hastily forward and caught her in his arms.

Half-supporting, half-leading her toward a chair, he placed her in it and stood for a moment her eyes closed and he thought she had fainted. Then just as he was thinking of calling for help her lids lifted and she said, mechanically: "Then it was true what I heard."

"I do not understand," he stammered, his face flushing deeply.

"That you were about to be married!" She could not answer at once, for what was there to say? But he walked away from her side to the window and back and then leaned over her chair.

"Allie, I have been a weak fool. I have allowed myself to be led astray and made the tool of desperate men. Remember that I had a mother. Then just as he was thinking of calling for help his lids lifted and she said, mechanically: "Then it was true what I heard."

"I do not understand," he stammered, his face flushing deeply.

"That you were about to be married!"

## At the World's Mercy.

(Continued.)

ash of that would be a bank'et to us two poor starved terraplin," and he reached for the ham and bread with nervous, eager fingers.

The stranger seated himself on a pile of straw and watched Joe as he made up a huge sandwich and then hurried over to where Darrell lay.

"Here, wake up, old man. I guess this'll be welcome."

Darrell opened his eyes, weakly, and seemed hardly to recognize where he was until Joe had pressed on him a drink of wine from the bottle, when he sat up and ate ravenously. This done, with a grateful look at Joe, he sank back on the straw and fell asleep.

"That thing he can do, poor chap. And now to take on supplies myself," returning to the side of the stranger, where in a short time he had managed to consume a large part of the remaining food.

"Jee! That beats Beefsteak Johnny all holler!" he exclaimed, when he had satisfied the pangs of hunger. "Ain't thinkin' of openin' a restaurant here, are ye, stranger? Funny deal this is. I expected to get a bullet in my stummick instead of a tuck out."

The stranger smiled good humoredly at Joe's prattle. He was a tall, slight young man with keen black eyes and though dressed like a farm laborer his hands were white and well cared for.

"I suppose you do not know what to make of me?" he said, noticing the young workman's quizzical look. "Well, briefly, I am a detective."

"A mean job if you has to do much of the work I been through, mister," was Joe's comment.

"For several days I have been watching this house, getting evidence to criminate the old doctor who runs it. I have corrupted one of the servants, and have now ample evidence to convict."

"That's good and I hope the old Moses who fetched young Darrell under to this place will be down in the bill."

"Describe him."

"A little man, almost a dwarf. Hook nose."

"And a straggly gray beard," replied the detective, completing the sentence.

"Exactly. Do you know the old devil?"

"It's Schuman, dealer in stolen goods. He has received one sentence. We have tried to catch him in something big for some time."

"Well, he's in the house now," said Joe, "The deuce you say! What a stroke if we could bag him and the old doctor and his old gang at the same time." He rose and walked up and down the loft impatiently. "I suppose you and your friend are anxious to get away from here as soon as possible," he said, pausing before Joe again.

"Well, we ain't no desire to linger any longer than we can help."

"I'll see that you are free and in return you shall deliver a telegram for me, will you?"

"Well, I guess yes. You go and do your writin', while I rouse my dopy friend yonder," pointing to Darrell.

With the help of an extra supply of wine and the promise of escape Darrell was roused sufficiently to be able to stand up, though he was still weak. The detective had by this time completed his message by the light of the lantern and handed it to Joe.

"Your name and address," he said, briefly.

"Joe Skerrett, Bolger's Court, Minetta Lane, New York."

"Very good. We shall trap these fellows and I expect you will need to give evidence, so don't lose sight of him."

"I'll take him home with me. But what are you going to do, Mister——"

"Dawkins. Oh, I shall remain here to see these fellows get away. Take the road to the right and you will come upon a hotel and depot; telephone or telegraph that message to headquarters. Schuman I know I can find when I want in the city. The gang here are quite as guilty, and now you must go."

He disappeared again into the corner from from he had extracted the food and presently returned with a package.

"Follow me," he said, simply, going down the steep stairs leading to the lower floor. Joe followed, assisting his companion. Arrived at the bottom of the steps, the detective pushed open a door at the end of the room and they found themselves facing the high wall surrounding the house.

"Got a couple at pair of wings?" asked Joe, sarcastically.

"No; something better," replied Dawkins, at the same time opening the small bundle which he carried, disclosing a silk woven rope ladder, to which were attached two strong steel hooks.

"Pull this up when you reach the top and let it fall on the other side so you can descend," said Dawkins.

"But you—you wont be able to get out if you are in a tight corner," protested Joe.

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"It is part of our business to run risks," he said, simply.

"Well, you're a brick, anyway, mister. Well be sure time you happen to be in the neighborhood of Bolger's Court drop in and see Joe Skerrett." And the two men shook hands warmly. The next moment the ladder was fastened to the top of the wall and Joe boosting Darrell from behind, they made their way to the summit where they paused for breath. They then descended on the other side and looked around. The land was not inviting. Huge brush covered with snow, with here and there a stunted tree, was all that could be

Joe had just time to take in this disagreeable prospect when three men rose up, as it seemed, from the very ground and surrounded them.

"What are you doing here?" asked one, a heavy bearded man, seizing Joe by the collar, while the other two kept Darrell at b

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked Joe, too much surprised to offer any resistance. "What a Jack-in-the-box neighborhood this appears to be."

"No chaff now," said the stranger gruffly, as he proceeded to investigate the contents of the young man's pockets. "Where did you get this, as he came upon the note the detective had given him.

"Come, that's none of your business," exclaimed Joe, trying desperately to get the note back. "That's from a detective, so, you fellers had better take care. He give it to me to post."

"Is that so," asked the dark man. "And where is Dawkins?"

Just over the wall. He lent us the ladder."

"Well, you needn't send the message now. We are his friends. Come on, boys," to the others, and before Joe could recover from his astonishment, his captor let go his hold and was running up the ladder, closely followed by his companions

As they disappeared from sight Joe gave a long whistle. "Well, this is a queer how-d'e-do. I bet there'll be a pretty scrap when Dawkins and his friends has a roundup. I'd like to see it myself, but we've been in danger enough for one day. Let 'em have all the glory out of it they want," and, taking Darrell's arm, they made the best of their way to the road that led to the station.

* * * * * * *

Little more remains to be told. On reaching Bolger's Court they found George Darrell in a little house with his brother's family. Dawkins had been parted, met again this time in peace and amity. They had much to tell each other, and Frank played a magnanimous part towards his brother.

The news of Schuman's capture, as well as the old doctor of the asylum, placed one of George's enemies hors de combat, and as soon as matters could be arranged, he married Allie and went abroad [illegible] for his brother's generosity.

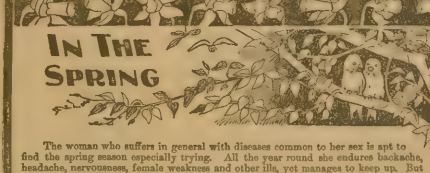
Frank has taken his brother's place at the Dorrance home, and all has been forgiven if not forgotten. The wishes of Mr. Darrell now promise to be carried out in full. As for Joe Skerrett, he has come to the conclusion that he fixed his affection too high, and has married the daughter of the green grocer in the basement of Bolger's Court.

Desmond has taken himself and his fine name out of the city to seek in other fields a chance for fortune. Since the master mind of Schuman no longer guides him, he will find it hard to move in the higher circles of crime. Let us hope for his sake he met the reward which awaits men of his class.

(The end.)

### Trouble With the Telephone.

Lawyers may not find wireless telegraphy so productive of fees as was the telephone, litigation over which put millions in their pockets. Professor Bell had a strenuous time, says Victor Smith in the New York Press. He took the first working model of his instrument to John A. Logan and offered "Black Jack" a half interest for $500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph and that there would be millions in it. Logan replied: "I dare say your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Bell then offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the patent office for $100 in cash. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth $[illegible] to-day. The giant intellect that refused it is still examining patents.


The woman who suffers in general with diseases common to her sex is apt to find the coming season especially trying. All the year round she endures backache, headache, nervousness, female weakness and other ills, yet manages to keep up. But spring with its langnor is apt to add the last straw to the burden, and the general physical debility added to the womanly weakness produces a break-down of the health. Spring is a trying season to all weak women, and not seldom a fatal season to those whose constitutional ailments make them an easy prey to disease.

If womanly suffering were a necessity; if no healing were offered for diseases which afflict the majority of women the world over, such a fact would discredit all the boasted medical advancement of the twentieth century. In spite of the fact that a large number of weak and sick women accept their condition as being beyond the reach of medicine; and although local physicians often pronounce womanly diseases incurable which will not yield to their own treatment, it is a positive truth that the majority of women who suffer from diseases peculiar to their sex can be completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Nothing is more certain than that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. It cures ninety-eight out of every hundred women who give it a fair and faithful trial. That means that of every hundred women who suffer from womanly diseases there are only two who cannot be perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Even one two cent, of women who cannot be completely cured can be greatly benefited by the use of "Favorite Prescription," by a lessening of pain and a great increase of physical strength. This great medicine works wonders for weak and sick women, restoring them to health and happiness in many cases, when all hope had been pronounced incurable by local physicians.

"I received both of your letters," writes Mrs. Eva Vedder, of Oneida, Lenawee Co., Mich. "I was so weak I did not have strength enough to stand on my feet long at a time, neither could I sit up more than half an hour. I had a pain in the left side of my abdomen which pained me very much when I walked. I lost my appetite, had a severe pain in the pit of my stomach which was worse when lying down. I commenced with your medicines, taking 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' alternately, and when I had the two bottles had taken I was much improved. I took four bottles, and to-day am just as well and strong as anybody could ask to be. My husband says 'Dr. Pierce's medicines have been worth one hundred dollars to me.' I say that we never have received from your medicines. I thank you for your kind and quick replies to my letters."

There is only one way in which the truth of the claims made for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be tested by the sick woman and that is by giving this medicine a fair and faithful trial. It has cured so many women of womanly diseases whom no other medicine could cure. It has cured so many chronic and complicated cases, and cured so often when many physicians had pronounced the disease incurable, that until a woman has tried "Favorite Prescription" and found it to fail, there is hope for her, no matter how long-standing the disease may be or how many other medicines she may have used in a vain attempt to find a cure for womanly diseases.

The strengthening properties possessed by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription make it the best tonic and nervine for weak, run-down, nervous women, and an ideal medicine for the hanger-on-ers of spring season. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It cures headache, backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and other ills from which women suffer. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I was all run-down; had no strength; had sharp darting pains all through me; head and back ached every day," writes Mrs. Lucy Powell, of Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y. "Also troubled with a distressed feeling in the stomach and pain in front of the hip bones. I had a severe cough and it nearly killed me to draw a long breath, I was so sore through my lungs.

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# THE FLYING ELEPHANT:

## Or,

## Young Dan Rice and His One Horse Show.

By COL. OROM EFLOR,
Author of "The Boy Who Owned a Circus."
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 19, April 12. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, of our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.
FRIENDS AND FOES

While the tents were being erected next morning, Young Dan Rice contrived to get into a brief conversation with Arlington Slooth, whom he found watching the putting up of the big top.

As the two stood together the man who was known to Dan only as Cy Umsted's capper passed without apparently seeing either of them.

"Slooth, who is that man?" asked Dan, carelessly.

"I don't know," was Slooth's answer. "I never saw him before."

Dan knew that Slooth lied. There was nothing more to be said.

The next day but one, the show would be at Wadestown, and it was billed to exhibit at Selkirk the day after that.

It was Dan's intention, after a wide detour through the country, to make the last stand of the season at Dead Center, where the show would go into winter quarters at Bridger's farm.

At Wadestown Dan was welcomed warmly by George Bent, and the people of the village greeted the advent of the show with marked favor.

The boys of the town appeared to take a special pride in the old band wagon which had once been owned there and which, now glistening with fresh and gaudy paint, was a brave sight to all beholders.

Many people from round Dead Center came over to Wadestown to see the show, so Young Dan Rice, Sile Snigger and Sammy Bragg hailed a goodly number of their old friends and neighbors.

Considering the fact that the show was to be at Selkirk next day, there were many Selkirk young men and boys at Wadestown that day, and Dan noticed that Arlington Slooth spent most of his time in secret conversation with some of them.

The afternoon and evening passed quietly and Dan counted the money paid in by two big tumfuls of pleased people. While the outfit was being packed up after the evening concert, Bent came to him and said, breathlessly:

"Dan, you're going to have trouble tomorrow at Selkirk. There's a gang organized to down you there if possible."

"So I have feared," answered Dan.

"What," Bent continued, "they sha'n't do it."

"What are you thinkin' of doin'?" inquired Dan, wonderingly.

"Well, Wadestown don't love Selkirk anyhow, and we owe 'em a drubbing for the way they treated our crowd at the county fair last year. We're going to Selkirk in force, I tell you, for war, and if there's any ruction there that is likely to bring hurt to you and yer property we be in it and neither we nor you'll worse of it."

"Much obliged," exclaimed Dan, gripping Bent's hand. "Come to me right after the parade an' I'll fix ye with a ticket for the yer party."

"Never mind the thanks, my boy," was the cordial answer. "The day you bought the band wagon, I told you I liked your style and if you showed you were the same sort I would stick to you. Now I'm just keepin' my word with you straight an' honest as you'd yours with me."

Dan and his mother, Sile and Mrs. Snigger and Sammy Bragg went over to Dead Center to spend the night.

Dan and Sile induced Mrs. Felix and Mrs. Snigger to remain there for a day or two to attend to some home affairs and visit round a little, planning for the two ladies to rejoin them at the second stand beyond Selkirk.

Their real object was to insure the absolute safety of the two women in case there should be trouble at Selkirk, and they could not doubt that there would be.

Wallick and the elephant came into town first of all, and Wallick was drunk and in a terrible humor.

Dan and Sile avoided engaging the elephant man in a conversation which might possibly take a disagreeable turn, and at Wallick's not impolite request assisted him to feed and water Dibdo.

Now, instead of partaking of his master's sullen anger, the terrible man-killing animal seemed at peace with all the world.

As the morning advanced, hundreds of farmers drove into Selkirk, and, hurrying their families to the sidewalk, hitched their teams in every available place. Trains which arrived at 9:30 and 10 o'clock brought many more people, and in a little while the big crowd was viewing the great free street pageant from every point of vantage.

After the parade old Mr. Magruder came down to the show ground to renew acquaintance with Dan and took occasion to warn him against an attack on the show that had been planned to be put in execution that night as soon as the crowd should be cleared of spectators.

"It is evident that someone is bent on ruining you," he said. "A plausible claim of provocation will be made, and under such a pretense the Selkirk men mean to destroy your show past all hope of repair."

As Sammy thrilled at this kindly-meant warning, he saw the Wadestown party, fully twenty strong, and under George Bent's leadership, coming from the 25-25 stable.

CHAPTER XVIII.
"HEY, RUBE!"

"Are you armed, Mr. Felix?" Editor Magruder asked Young Dan Rice.

"Yes, all of us are."

And can you depend on all your own people to help you?"

"On all except Arlington Slooth and perhaps one or two others."

"Then you believe that young Slooth is false to you?"

"I'm convinced of it."

"I believe you are right. I fear Slooth is working in the interest of Sykes."

"Of Sykes?"

"Yes."

"But how does Sykes communicate with the outside world?" asked Dan.

"He writes to them."

"But are you sure he does?"

"He certainly does. Sometimes I have known that the mail has been kept back from me. One night a week ago," Mr. Magruder went on, "I thought I saw Sykes go into his house in this village, the same as of old except that he has no beard and is dressed differently. I had a dark suspicion, but I don't fit him."

"Yes. Have you seen?"

"I've seen that stranger whom Sammy had pointed out to him.

Editor Magruder looked puzzled as he continued:

"All the day after I thought I saw Sykes go into Sykes' house, I wired the attorney at the penitentiary and was assured that Sykes was there safe and working."

"Then he can be no doubt," declared Magruder, "that the stranger Sykes has kept his residence alive. Three or four days ago our prosecuting attorney received a letter which had been thrust under his front door and which was worded as follows:

"'I am free now and my vengeance will surely overtake you.'

"This letter was signed with the name of Monumenty Sykes.

"Yet, when the prosecuting attorney communicated with the warden of the penitentiary, that official sent him a reply similar to the one I received, under date of the letter [illegible] has sent no letters from the institution.

"What shall we think of such things as these?" asked Dan.

"One thing is certain," replied the old editor, "Sykes has some means of making his power felt, and those who have offended him will do well to be constantly on their guard. I am sure Sykes is back of this move to get against you, Mr. Felix."

"I feel Dan could reply, George Bent came up to him, saying enthusiastically:

"We're here in good strength. Every man is armed with a club, a knife and a revolver. I don't believe anyone can break you up in Selkirk today."

Dan greeted Bent cordial" and left him to talk with his other friend, Mr. Magruder, while he went to superintend the fight of the sky elephant. That feature of the day was presented as successfully as usual, the afternoon and evening performances were given to large and well-satisfied audiences, and as the people were leaving the canvas after the night concert, Young Dan Rice realized that the hour of peril had arrived.

But he had made ample preparations, had faith in himself, his men and his friends, and stood cool and confident, waiting for whatever might happen.

Suddenly, without any warning, it became apparent that someone had cut the guy ropes and the big top swayed and began to fall.

Next, half way round the big tent, the side [illegible] wavered, and, as the showmen rushed out from beneath the tottering structure, they were met by dozens of armed men with bludgeons who tried to beat them down.

But a surprise was in store for the mob.

"Hey, Rube!" yelled Young Dan Rice.

"Hey, Rube!" cried Sile Snigger.

"Hey, Rube!" chorused George Bent, Sammy Bragg and two or three others.

Then many voices took up the rallying cry of the men of the tents.

The fight was on.

Determined men, wielding clubs, fought other men with clubs and hard heads received hard knocks.

Sammy Bragg engaged in a hand-to-hand bout with another boy about his size.

It was a brisk fist fight, and from the first Sammy had rather the best of it.

But his opponent was wary and not unskilful.

At length Sammy got a crack under the ear that made his head feel funny.

Then he delivered two blows on his enemy's mouth.

These he followed up with a stunner on the jaw, and his opponent went down.

The youth had no chance to observe of the same kind, and Sammy saw him crawling


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## The Flying Elephant.

(Continued.)

away through the tall grass.

Young Snagg did not pursue him. There was beautiful fighting close at hand, and now that he was into it he rather enjoyed it. Dan had got quite wide of the truth when he had described his chum to the boy detective as a scrapper able and willing.

Sammy saw Sile Snigger doing gallant service against two big men, one of whom the farmer rapped over the head with his club, but not hard enough to down him.

Then the two roughs closed in on Sile and might have given him the worst of it had not Sammy come to his aid and laid one of his assailants low with a well-directed blow on the point of the chin.

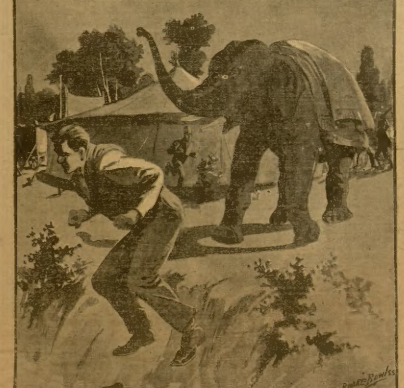
Turning, he saw that Sile had the other fellow on the run and was chasing him and hitting him whenever he could get near enough to him.

As for Young Dan Rice, he engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight with a small mobber with long whiskers, who had attempted to brain him with a club, and quickly worsted him, sending him to earth by a vigorous kick. As the fellow tried to struggle to his feet, Dan grabbed his beard with the intention of renewing the fight along other lines, and met with a startling surprise.

The whiskers came off.

"Ish!" was Dan's cry of disgust, as he slapped the rascal's face.

"Hah!" Dan cried again. "Can't waste no



He leaped into the trench.

more time on sech truck as you be! Thought I was fightin' a man, not a dog!"

There came the crack of a shooter, and a ball whizzed past Dan's head.

### CHAPTER XIX.

### AN ELEPHANT ON THE RAMPAGE.

"That's the first shot tonight," gritted Dan Rice, "and somebody means murder!"

He saw the fellow who had been disguised by the false beard, trying once more to get on his feet, and promptly knocked him down with a hard crack on the neck.

The blow made the mobber fall back faint and he rolled into a shallow trench that had been dug along the side of the lot.

"That you, Arlington Slooth?" yelled Dan. "Stay thar, ye cornery traitor! Ye tried to murder me while pretendin' to be my friend! If ever ye show yer face round my outfit ag'in, likely I'll do ye up fer good an' all. Ye deserve it, ye scamp of the green!"

Crack!

Another ball cut the air right by Dan's ear!

"Well, ye've got friends, anyhow, Slooth," muttered Dan as he again went into the general fight, "or we have!"

The next minute he was doing battle side by side with George Bent, who was defending himself against a combined attack by three members of the mob.

Young Dan and Bent were too much for the trio, and they soon stretched one of them senseless on the ground and drove the others from the field.

Everywhere on the show lot there was fighting, and many similar scenes were enacted.

In some instances knives were used, and men were cut and disfigured, but no one was killed.

Dan had instructed his forces to use no weapons other than fists and clubs unless steel and lead should be required for self-defense.

No shots had been fired except the two fired at Dan, and he did not doubt that they were intended for him personally.

Dan saw the big elephant man fighting coolly and effectively with fists and feet, at times grabbing his opponents and throwing them about as if they had been dummies instead of full-grown, husky men.

"Well," the young showman muttered, "Wallack's on the square up to the present time. I won't forget it of him, you bet. He's a daisy fighter, too—an ivory own side, at least."

Hot as was the battle, it was not long drove out.

In five minutes after the fight began, most of the rioters were lying on the lot, stunned, bruised and bleeding, or had found safety in flight.

No one in Dan's or Bent's crowd was seriously hurt, but more than a dozen of them were cut and bleeding or had blackened eyes to show for their part in the battle.

Old showmen said that it was the swiftest, most furious fight ever known to fight on record; and, as it was not known to many of the attaches of the concern that Dan had had outside help, the fighting fame of his One Horse Show was established by that night's victory.

No sooner had Dan and his friends got their bearings, after the battle was over, than one of the side show attendants ran to them and yelled:

"Their stealin' the sky elephant!"

Dan saw that some outsiders had inflated the monster at its moorings on the river bank, back of the ticket wagon and were preparing to cut it loose.

The flying elephant was really only a fair-sized balloon.

Its body was the gas-bag.

Its four legs took the place of the usual basket. Each contained a seat for a man and convenient receptacles for property.

Its head was a mere painted sham of cloth stretched over a light framework.

Its trunk, which could be worked by a line extending from one of the front legs, could be made to wave about quite naturally.

All in all, it was a curious, ingenious and in every way practical contrivance, an undoubted credit to its inventor.

Dan knew that it was the most potent attraction he had, and the thought that a quartette of rascals was trying to make off with it gave him the greatest concern.

"Stop, Ruber!" he called again.

He saw Sammy and others running to his assistance, and believing that his enemies would be again discomfited, rushed toward the heaving monster at his topmost speed.

As he ran, he beheld a sight that would have appalled even a stouter heart than his own.

Dendo, the giant, the man-killer, frightened by the collapse of the canvas and by the panic that had followed that catastrophe, had broken his chains.

Enraged to brutal insanity at the sight of the sham elephant, in which he thought he saw a rival, he was charging down upon it.

Young Dan Rice was right in his path!

On came the big, murderous brute, trumpeting loudly!

### CHAPTER XX.

### INTO THE RIVER TO DEATH—OR WHAT?

Dibolo's little red eyes were glowing like twin fire-balls.

His head was down, his trunk curled up, while his terrible tusks plowing the turf as he advanced.

Following the brute was John Wallack, almost beside himself with apprehension because he was utterly unable to check its mad advance.

"Run, Dan!" he cried. "Run for yer life, or he'll get ye!"

For an instant it seemed to Dan that he was bereft of power to move. It appeared to him that he was helpless before a great peril.

The elephant was almost upon him.

"Run, for God's sake!" shouted Bent.

The boy's strength and nerve came back and he leaped forward, right into the same long trench into which he had kicked Arlington Slooth a few minutes before.

The elephant went right over him.

Its eyes were not on him, but on its supposed rival on the river bank.

He was saved!

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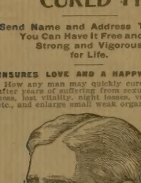

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is acquired by restoring healthy circulation through the Prostatic Plexus.

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It costs nothing to investigate. Our remedy is a direct local application to the affected parts, being harmless and painless. We will mail a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of stamp. "An Honest Talk" with many testimonials, also

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## The Flying Elephant.

(Continued.)

Sitting up, he saw Dibolo charge at the sky elephant.

Freed at that instant, the strangely-constructed airship leaped upward with a sudden bound as if from very fear.

The clumsy brute, now that his intended victim had got away, tried to check his own advance, but was unable to do so.

With loud trumpeting, that was almost like a chorus of terrific roars, Dibolo went over the steep bank and down into the river!

Startled as were the showmen and their friends, there was not a man of them all who did not breathe easier now that all danger of attack from the elephant had been averted so suddenly, so unexpectedly and so providentially.

Had Dibolo checked his mad advance and turned and charged them, some of them must inevitably have become victims to his fury.

Wallick swore frightfully.

He threw himself on his stomach, on the brink of the high bank, and tried to look over into the river below.

At that instant, before any horrified onlooker could raise a hand to help Wallick, a tall, gaunt, smooth-shaven man in clumsy, ill-fitting garb, rushed from the concealment of some bushes and ran up behind the elephant's trainer over the shelving bank!

But Wallick was as slippery as a cat.

He turned himself, and, after a brief struggle, got the assassin under him.

Then, straightening up, he foiled his assailant in such a manner as to hold him helpless, and, raising his long, powerful arm high above his head, hurled him out into space toward the black abyss that had just swallowed up the elephant.

As Wallick's victim's face was visible for a moment, Jones could see that he was not the same man who had been Olly Umpsted's companion-assistant when he came out of his cell eyes like Montgomery Bykes—the man who had been described by Mr. Magruder, who had been first to enter the cell, as one who, he had thought at the time that he was the condemned murderer.

As Dan uttered a cry of surprise, the man's tall, slim shape fell out of sight down into the river.

Wallick turned round coolly and faced the crowd.

"Didn't he deserve it?" he asked.

"Yes," chorused a dozen voices.

"Well, he got it."

So saying, Wallick advanced to Young Dan Webb.

"Shake!" he said. "When I say that to any man, I'm that man's friend to count on, an' I'm a man that's mighty hard to get down over there," and he pointed over his shoulder toward the river. "Dan, you're a man. I suspected it, an' I found it out just in time to save my life. If I'd turned ag'inst ye in the scrimmage tonight, I wouldn't a' failed to murder me jest now, but he'd a done for me some other time, jest as mean an' sneakin' an' unexpected."

"Who was he?"

"Never mind. Wallick ain't no squealer, but he's with ye from now on. Young Dan Rice, ag'inst all comers an' creation, from now, boys," the elephant man called out to several Wallick folks who were close away. "Ye ye squainted with the river down there where he went in? Is it rocky or deep?"

"No," answered one of the slap bank and bottom. There's a deepish swimming-hole on this side. Half-way down the middle it shallower and slopes gradually to the other side. If the man can swim a little he may get out all right if that's what he'll try to do by him for a float."

"Can the man?" yelled Wallick. "It's the elephant I want to save!"

A loud cry for help came up from below, but it was drowned by the trumpeting of the elephant.

"Gittin' lively down that!" remarked Wallick. "Dibolo seems to understand all my little games, an' he always helps me out if he can."

This very extraordinary story of circus life will be continued in next week's Readers of the Ledger are offered free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

### The Vision of the New.

"Tim't only looking at things as they are, but looking at them as they can be, that helps to make us contented," said the old woman, reflectively. "Me an' John Henry and I first moved here there was only a little cottage, two rooms and a lean-to, and we hadn't any money to fix it up, let alone to build anything better. But we planned to have a big house and a big barn enough and we began to see that new house from the very first night we came.

"Many an evening, sitting on the old doorstep all tired out after the day's work, we'd get real rested just planning how we'd fix the new porch. And 'twas the same way with the parlor and the old kitchen; every time they bothered me with being so inconvenient I could hardly hear how soon the new ones would be. It kept us cheerful throughout a good many pinches and hardships, and, though it's a comfortable house we have here now, I believe we got more out of the planning for the years before it was built as we have since. And I've learned there's good sense and religion, too, in seeing many a thing that way—not just right in the rough as it looks to other folks, but as you're working and hoping to make it."

### Equally Alert.

"The station at Savannah," says a traveler through the south, "is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign:

"'Open all night.'

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing the legend, 'We never close.'

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumbledown hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign in great, scrawling letters: 'Me wakee, too.'"

## ABSENT-MINDED HOPKINS

If there was ever in the world an absent-minded, irresponsible man, that man was unquestionably Mortimer Hopkins. Such was the unanimous verdict of his relatives, friends and acquaintances, and what such a diverse lot of people agree upon ought to pass for gospel truth.

And it did in this case with every one but Mr. Hopkins himself. He would dismiss the accusation with a superior smile and the facetious remark "I deny the allegation and defy the allegator," unless the plaintiff happened to be the little woman who bore his name together with the endless inconveniences always arising from his one failing. When she ventured to remonstrate against his carelessness in some unusually important matter he would drop everything and spend half the day explaining and apologizing and scorning, until she gave in for the sake of peace, leaving him in the happy belief that he had convinced her that she, and she alone, was the source of every error committed in their small family.

Once Mr. Hopkins invited five of his intimate friends to dinner on his birthday and the occasion was to be a grand evening affair at 6 o'clock.

"Aren't you a little late for your birthday dinner?" began Jones when he appeared.

"Birthday dinner?" said Hopkins easily. "You didn't think that my birthday was to-day, you? What a funny mistake! It's tomorrow."

"Oh, come now, Hopkins; you invited us all for today."

"Impossible," he replied. "Today is March 25, my birthday is June, and I can prove it."

Paying no attention to his wife's gasp of amazement, he went over to the shifting of dates, Hopkins trotted off to the library and in a few minutes came back with a new Oxford Bible. He it found the page he wanted and boldly showed them the following entry: "Mortimer Jones Hopkins, James Hopkins, born at Rochester, N. Y., March 21, 1885." The ink was still wet, but the guests were convinced.

Mrs. Hopkins tried to arise to the emergency. "Then how do you account for the fact that I had dinner ready tonight and all the guests came?"

"That is perfectly simple," retorted the unreclaimable Hopkins. "Didn't I get you to change the date of your birth?"

It was then that Mrs. Hopkins gave up the task and settled down to endure in silence what she could not cure.

One Sunday morning Hopkins was expecting some friends to dinner and told his boy to go to the postoffice while you get ready for church." But Mortimer, when he reached the office he carefully placed the letter to be mailed under the door for the mail. The letter he was looking for was there and he tore it open and began reading it as he walked along. He remembered all his letters and was entering his yard with a buoyant step when Mrs. Hopkins came running out.

"Why, Mortimer, what in the world have you done with the baby?" she said, anxiously.

"Baby? What baby?" said Hopkins.

"You—you brute!" cried she. "Where is my baby?" Mortimer ran to the postoffice and left him! That's what you've done!"

"Why, mother, I've come to think of it, I believe I did," said Hopkins, with absent-minded coolness, following his excited wife, who was running down the street to show the stupid neighbors through church-goers.

In a short time Mortimer and the postoffice Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins found their child, and Mrs. Hopkins found something almost as important as the baby—a sense of relief. For ever after she gathered her little one in her arms she would triumphantly exclaim: "Mortimer Hopkins, but I tell you right here it won't go down. I've been imposed on by you for the last six years with your continual mistakes and your absurd fabrications to excuse them up. You can't do it again!"

Mr. Hopkins meekly allowed his hat and thoughtfully replaced it. "Now I come to think of it, I believe you are right," said he.

### His Donation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was once asked by a woman, who was arranging for a fair in St. Stephen's church, Pittsfield, for his autograph. In reply to the request he inserted Holmes wrote a letter in return on a two-page piece of paper, and enclosed a $1 bill. On the first page were these lines:

"Fair lady, whose'er thou art.
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hand, with it, a beating heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

Turning the page, the one-dollar bill appeared, pinned to the second page, and beneath the bill were these additional lines:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this be not a truthful letter;
This is the all I can invest now
And naught (0) can make thee love it better."


## To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

**Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Almost Without Pain—Sent Free.**

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 117, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

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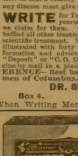


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### Unnecessary in America.

BY MARGARET STOWE.

To foreigners the average American girl stands forth as a startling exception to the law of chaperonage. It is no wonder that they are filled with horrified amazement at the liberty of our girls when we realize how distinctly drawn are the social lines in Europe.

There a young woman either belongs to society or she does not. If she does, she is constantly attended by a chaperon.

In America there is a small and exclusive circle that observes the English code in the matter, while the rest of society ignores the whole idea.

The ideal American girl is essentially a lady, whether rich or poor. Her common sense is equal to her emergencies, and keeps her self-reliant without being bold, bashful without being masculine, and strong of nerve, "but yet a woman."

Her ability to ignore the rule of a chaperon is a flattering indication of her mental and moral integrity.

This is a result of the right kind of training from childhood up. The boys and girls in this country are initiated at an early age in companionship and pleasant friendships, which have a refining influence on the boys and give the girls a natural ease in society as they grow older.

We trust them both and do not insult their manhood and womanhood by placing a guard over them.

They may go to a dance together alone, or they may enjoy a drive or skate together, and after a party or dance each young man has the privilege of escorting a young lady home.

They are entirely able to look out for themselves, and most naturally would regard their fun as spoiled if a third person were on hand to watch over them.

Very few girls would be invited out by their young men acquaintances if a chaperon were needed each time. Men want their young ladies to themselves; otherwise they would not have asked them. They very properly resent having to pay for an extra ticket for one whom they look upon as a "crowd."

Besides, to suggest the advisability of a chaperon is to insinuate that the young man is incapable of protecting his charge, or that he is no gentleman, and therefore not to be trusted.

The American man has a high sense of modern chivalry and honor that protects our women, and it is the consciousness of this gentlemanly code that gives parents the feeling of ease and security at the thought of leaving their daughter alone in the parlor all the evening with a caller.

With the last word for the men of our nation, I would say that the gentlemanliness and gallantry of American women have at all times been acknowledged by observers of all nationalities, and it is indeed hardly too much to say that the average American is disposed to treat the whole female sex with studied gallantry, which in most European countries is reserved by men for the one girl with whom they happen to be in love.

### Typical Kansas Story.

"Here is a story," says the Atchison, Kansas, Globe, "which if told in fiction would be considered a wonderful yarn. Will Stephenson grows onion sets for the Mangeindorf seed house under a contract and he planted twenty acres north of town this spring. When the high winds blew recently nearly all the onion sets were actually blown out of the ground and into an adjoining corn field and were continued to blow and blew dirt around the roots and Stephenson now has ten acres of the perfectly planted onions from a quarter of a mile to a mile from the spot where they were originally planted. They have since sprouted and are doing nicely."

No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business; but it is often carried on by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—Robert Wast.


## Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

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Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment for all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts. Cure them yourselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 344 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

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We will send in plain box, securely packed, a free trial of PROADYNAMIA, the greatest discovery of the twentieth century, to every man sending his name and address. This miracle-working remedy is used externally, and the effect is instant, radical and permanent. To those who are suffering from any cause, agonies in mind and body because of their waning or lost powers, PROADYNAMIA is a God-send. Send for free trial at once. It costs nothing to try it, and the phenomenal effect will be apparent immediately; and, more important, PROADYNAMIA cures permanently.

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*GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,*

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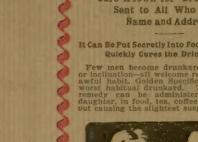

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is sure, without harmful results to the system. Many a home is now happy by the use of Golden Specific. "My husband got out a habit of taking a drink with the boys on his way home," says Mrs. Harry Burnside. "After a while he came home drunk frequently. He soon lost his position and I had to make a living for both of us and the little children. At times he tried to sober up, but the habit was too strong for him and then he would drink harder than ever. I heard of Golden Specific and sent for a free package. The treatment cured him. I put it in his coffee and he never knew it at all. He regained his old position and now we are happy in our little home again. I hope you will send Golden Specific to every woman that has suffered as I have, and save her loved ones from the drunkard's grave."

Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1054 Oliver Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail you a free package of Golden Specific in a plain wrapper. Accompanied by full directions how to use it. Enough of the remedy is sent in each free package to give you an opportunity to witness its marvelous effect on those who are slaves to drink.

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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

## JOHNNY'S HIST'RY LESSON.

I think, of all the things at school
A boy has got to do,
That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' though I study day an' night,
There's only one I've got just right—
That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen ninety-two;
We whipped the British, fair an' square,
In fourteen ninety-two.
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the red-coats on the run
While the band played Johnny Get Your Gun
In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat. Henry, with his dyin' breath—
In fourteen ninety-two—
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
In fourteen ninety-two.
An' Barbara Frietchie, as 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But I'd rather you'd shoot your own instead!"
In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
Asked "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said, "We want to settle round here
That our children's children's children dear
May celebrate that their forefathers landed here
In fourteen ninety-two.

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
In fourteen ninety-two.
An' the Smith tribe started then and there,
An' now there are John Smiths every-where,
But they didn't have Pocahontas to spare
In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
In fourteen ninety-two.
Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
He drew the lightnin' from the sky,
An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
In fourteen ninety-two.

—Philadelphia Post.

## Crowded Out.

"Yes'm, that's Tommy. Come an' speak to the lady, son, an' then run an' put the cows over in the night pasture—better see if they won't drink at the branch. Cattle taken a right smart sense hot days.

"Our son?" Tommy ain't nary speck o' kin to us, which is not a-sayin' that I'd be ashamed o' bein' his kin. How old is he?" Well'm, I don't just exactly know, an' neither does Tommy, for he'll be 13 years old come next June as nigh as him an' me can make out. He's been he's a little grain younger; but you see Tommy was sorter stunted at the start; an' my sort o' a orter that is stunted at first don't get over it handy. Short rations an' cross words an' a mean stepdad ain't a very likely an' likely what Tommy lived on till we got him.

"Where did he come from? I don't never mention it to Tommy, for paw an' me want him to forgit it, so we'll say from out o' the workhouse. Sent there for stealin' a couple of bananas from a fruit stand, when he hadn't had a mouthful at all since the day before. Pa an' me was drivin' out, an' we saw Tommy with a bunch o' bananas by the road. An' when I looked at that little mite skinny o' the monkeys in the county, I told paw it was a shame, an' he 'lowed it was, too. So the judge said if we'd take him home with us he'd let him go free. Paw says he, the judge, 'Mis' Smithkins, he's a bad un, an' I don't envy you your job of reformin' him, as you says you're goin' to.' Much obliged,' says I; 'ain't around huntin' folkses' envy—I'm after that boy.'

"Didn't Tommy run away? Not here. Law, yes'm, he had had 'em, but they was worse than no folks at all. His father run away to keep from gittin' sent to jail for runnin' horse-stealin'. An' his mother—a poor, shiftless, hard-scratchin' woman—let Tommy go to ill an' steal an' use terbacker, run with south Cotton Gin an' get in jail—how-somever, after that he was everybody's dog-he loved about free an' to pout for his victuals an' clothes, an' it's my opinion that he got mighty few victuals an' fewer clothes. But he's a right smart boy, an' when he sorter felt like he had to be mean to keep up his reputation.

"'How did we bring him out o' the kinks?' Well'm, I don't count on he's brought out yet, but he's a-comin' out sort o' gradual, which I 'low is about the only way any of us, big or little, come out.

"The first thing I done was to wash him. Yes'm, you orter. Scrubbed him with soap! up the heart till you give the body a-goin' over, forward by the skin sympathies with each other in spite o' fate. Then I put new clothes on him, an' I put him before the lookin'-glass, and he actually didn't know himself. He was that tickled that he felt to laughin' sorter hysterical like, an' said: 'That ain't me—that shorely ain't me!' Yes, that's you, that pretty little boy that wore dirty clothes an' said ugly words an' done all sorts o' ugly things wasn't you. Because you was hungry an' all torn up, he's got into your body an' tried to crowd you out. Now, we're goin' to get even with him by crowdin' him out.'

"Then we made a bonfire, me an' the boy, an' we burnt up all his old rags, an' I said: 'Now, that old boy's burnt up, an' we'll die a little hole an' bury him deep!'

"So we did, an' to see the way Tommy pounded an' stomped them ashes down was real encouragin'. When we went into the house, he come up to me sorter pitiful an' said: 'Couldn't I have a new name, please, ma'am? That other—boy done so many mean things I sorter hate to have his name.' Why, certain,' I said, 'that's a good idee. It'll help you to forgit all about that other boy that tried to crowd you out. What would you like to be named?' 'Do you reckin,' he said, kinder hesitatin', 'do you reckin your little boy out in the graveyard would mind if I was Tommy, too? It's an awful pretty name, an' then I'd sorter feel like I was shore 'nuff yourn. I had to gulp a little, but I said: 'No, he wouldn't care. I'm sure he wouldn't. But he was, oh, such a good boy, an' it would hurt him dreadful to look down an' see another boy in his home an' a-havin' his name, unless that other boy was good, too.' 'Yes'm, I know it would,' he said, softly, an' went out.

"When I called him to go for the cows he was up on the hill yonder—you can see the little grave from this winder where I always sew, too. I ain't a spiritualist, but I can't help but have a sort o' feelin' that when this boy that come out o' the dirt an' ashes an' sin, gits all straightened out my little boy up yonder is goin' to have a hand in it an' be most as glad as me an' paw.

"Yes, Tommy, that's all right. Just turn Rosebud out in the lot, an' I'll be out there directly."—Eva Williams Malone.

## Has a Kick Coming.

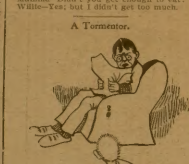
Mamma—What is the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?

Willie—No.

Mamma—Didn't you get enough to eat?

Willie—Yes; but I didn't get too much.

## A Tormentor.



Father—Tommy, quit pulling that poor cat's tail.

Tommy—I'm only holding on to it, pa. The cat's pulling it.

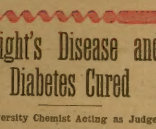
## He Will in Time.

Sam—I've been here since ma told me to cut some wood, an hour ago, and I ain't caught anything yet.

Mr. Brown—You will in a minute.


# Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured

**University Chemist Acting as Judge.**



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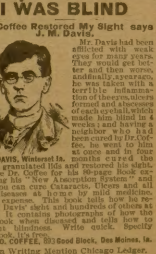
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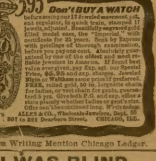
# I WAS BLIND

**Dr. Coffee Restored My Sight says J. M. Davis.**



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